JOHN BULL: JUNE 9, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1460.

WORLD TOUR, FORTUNE AND PENSION FOR A FEW WORDS SEE PAGES 38 & 39

JOHN BULL

BIRD'S STANDARD OF QUALITY CALLED FOR

To obtain the quick creaming quality, and the clean fresh flavour, which distinguish Bird's Custard, its ingredients are eight times purified. Then, untouched by hand, your Bird's Custard is hermetically sealed in its tin. This patent method of sealing, exclusive to Bird's, means that wherever you buy your tin of Bird's Custard it is as fresh and pure as when it left the makers.

HERMETIC SEALING

PATENT NO. 392655.
CUT ALONG THIS LINE WITH TABLE KNIFE

Do you know?

The enclosed instructions have been written specially to ensure that your Custard is a Success. Will you kindly read them? Even good custard can be spoilt by being made incorrectly.

It makes all the difference!

BIRD'S — MAKERS OF PURE CUSTARD

C.1126

TRAGIC GARDENING ACCIDENT

"John Bull's" £110 Cheque for Widow

MR. FREDERICK BOWERMAN, of "Holmlea," Caerleon, Monmouthshire, was pottering about in his beloved garden, and he stopped to admire one of his beautiful dahlias. Noticing that it required some attention, he bent down to tend to it, and in doing so the stalk of the dahlia pierced his finger. He paid little attention to such an *apparently* trivial mishap, and just bathed the wound under the tap.

In a few days, however, he became seriously ill, and, despite every care, he died of blood poisoning.

Just a slight injury . . . yet it proved *fatal!*

Mr. Bowerman was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and to his widow JOHN BULL has dispatched a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

A Benefit for home and garden accidents is but one of the many features of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift. Just look at what this magnificent gift really means to you. . . . It protects both you and your family against accident in the home as well as garden, against accident on sports field or while boating or bathing, and provides benefits for burglary, wireless and Children's Accidents. But that is not all. JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage and to pay benefits for Sickness. Moreover, remember—JOHN BULL is the *only* paper that adds a 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 9/6/34

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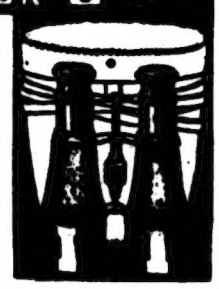

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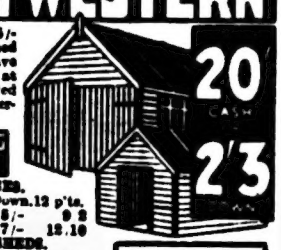

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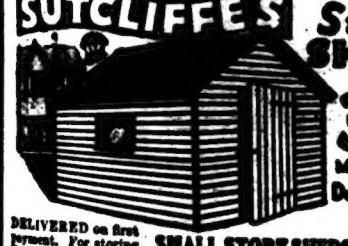

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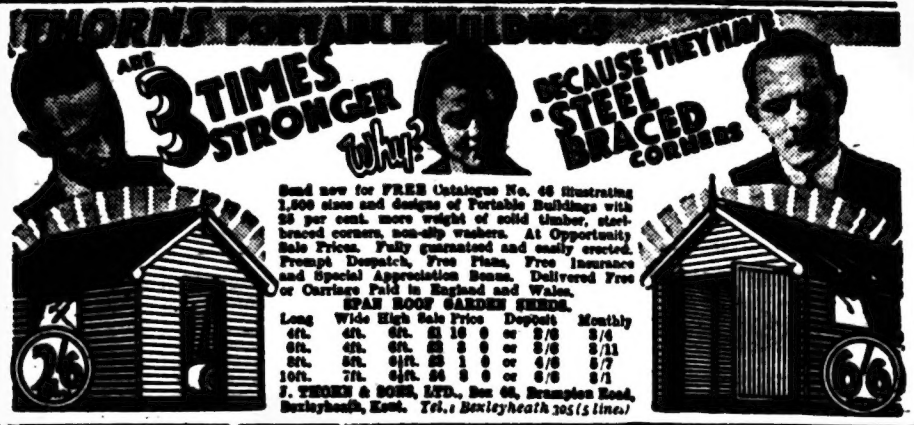

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"John Bull," 9/6/34.

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Why Murderers ESCAPE

His assailant might never have escaped had the limelight of the Press and the B.B.C. been used at once to track him down

JOHN BULL is always reluctant to criticise Scotland Yard. The Metropolitan Police Force is in many respects the most efficient in the world. Its detective officers are hardworking, intelligent and trustworthy, and their pay is scandalously low in relation to the services they render to the public.

But the circumstances of a recent murder case prompt the suggestion that somewhere the machinery of crime detection at "The Yard" can be seriously clogged.

When a murder is committed, it is the business of the police to tap every possible source of information. For that purpose they must have publicity, and there are two directions in which this can best be obtained—through the daily Press and through the B.B.C.

In the murder enquiries we have in mind, the Yard failed to avail itself of the willing assistance of these two institutions. The murderer may ultimately be brought to justice. That will not alter the fact that the police did not rise to their opportunities at the most vital moment of their investigations.

This will be quite true even if the brilliant work of the individual detective officers succeeds in overcoming difficulties which we do not think ought to have arisen.

On the evening of Tuesday, May 22, John Willmott, a Woodford Green signwriter in the early forties, was found unconscious in a patch of woodland on the edge of Epping Forest. His head had been battered—one blow had fractured his skull. He was rushed to the nearest hospital, where he died shortly after admission without regaining consciousness.

From the first it was clear that he had been murdered. There could be no question of suicide.

The murder has been called the "Epping Forest Murder."

This is a misnomer.

WHILE the woodland patch is nominally part of the Forest, it is in reality a playground. It is on the outskirts of the busy suburb of Walthamstow, and is as public as Hyde Park.

It is about 300 yards square, bounded roughly on one side by a main road, on two sides by gardens and lawns, one of the latter being used as a tennis court, and on the fourth side by allotments.

In this small area there were dozens of people, children and grown-ups, at the moment that Willmott was done to death.

Willmott was found in a shallow hollow. Within fifty yards of the hollow youths were playing a cricket match on a bare piece of ground, right up to the time that he was discovered.

Whatever direction Willmott took from the main road to the vicinity of the hollow, he must have been seen by a number of people who spent the evening on the playground. To trace these individuals, the majority of whom could be reached only through the B.B.C. and the newspapers, was, one would have thought, the first duty of the police.

The obvious step was to broadcast at the earliest possible moment a full description of the murdered man and of the exact spot in Epping Forest where he was attacked, and to have published the best likeness of him available. These things were not done.

It happens that all information supplied by the Metropolitan Police to the newspapers or the B.B.C. comes through the Press Bureau at Scotland Yard, a well-conducted branch of the service, which has proved of considerable value on more than one occasion.

Individual officers of the Force, however high their rank, are prohibited, under severe penalties, from divulging information—a precaution which is designed to prevent leakages.

In the "Epping Forest Murder" case the Press Bureau failed to function to the best advantage. At 10 p.m. on May 22, an hour after the discovery of the crime, a statement was issued to the effect that John Willmott, of Woodford Green, had been found dead in Epping Forest. No details were given either of the appearance of the victim or precise part of the Forest at which the murder had been committed.

There was nothing in the statement to indicate to possible witnesses who read the papers next morning that they may have seen Willmott or others who might be concerned, or even that they, the witnesses, had been in the vicinity.

TWO full days were allowed to pass before Scotland Yard decided to appeal publicly for information as to Willmott's movements. On the night of Thursday, May 24, the Press Bureau issued the following appeal which appeared in the newspapers on the morning of the twenty-fifth:

"The police are anxious to get into touch with any person who saw the deceased between 5.30 p.m. and 8.55 p.m. on the evening of May 22, and any member of the public having a knowledge of his movements on or prior to that date.

"Friends and associates of the dead man who think they can help in the investigations are also asked to come forward. Information should be given to the nearest police station or New Scotland Yard (telephone Whitehall 1212)."

As far as potential witnesses were concerned who did not happen to know Willmott by sight, the important part of the appeal was in the opening.

Here there was an amazing omission. Not the slightest hint was given as to what Willmott looked like!

This rather vital point was left to the imagination of the persons whom the police were anxious to interview, some of them highly imaginative youngsters.

AS for photographs, it was left to the newspapers to publish any snapshots that friends of the dead man cared to give them. These were for the most part of little value for purposes of evidence. One good likeness was published, but by a Sunday paper five days after the murder. No picture of any kind was issued with the authority of the police.

Whoever is at fault, this aspect of Scotland Yard's investigation methods demands the most searching enquiry.

We are not suggesting that the Press Bureau should enter into competition with the publishing world by becoming a medium for the sustained dissemination of absorbing and detailed crime stories.

But we do think the rules governing it should be less rigid, and that when time and publicity are of paramount importance in a crime investigation, it could be left to the discretion of the officer in charge of the job to use the Press and the wireless to the best advantage.

The authority is not likely to be abused.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Poisonous Bathing Pools a Graver Peril than Ever

Hero Driven to His Grave

A Parson Breaks Loose

The more the merrier . . . but the greater the peril.

WE must warn our readers that the dangers arising from impure swimming baths are graver than ever.

We were the first to call attention last year to this national scandal. Unfortunately, the authorities neglected our warning.

Consequently, hundreds of people fell victims to disease that should have been prevented, while thousands suffered minor complaints.

We fear that unless action is speedily taken the number of victims during the coming months will be far higher. Indeed, this bathing season may easily prove to be the worst on record.

Germ-infested baths

Our warning applies to both public and private swimming baths.

For one thing, many more open-air bathing-pools and so-called "Lidos" have been recently opened in all parts of the country. These places, under private enterprise, are not within the control of the health authorities.

They may allow the swimming water to become germ-infested and stagnant. The public has no safeguard.

No wonder, then, that thousands of visitors to private baths have contracted ear and throat affections!

Greed for profits

Let us say that some private bathing pools are kept scrupulously clean. But we know of many more where the proprietors, in their greed for high profits, not only neglect to provide a proper filtrating plant, but never change the water from one month's end to the other.

We know of cases where the same water has had to serve for as long as three months.

Obviously, the drought will make matters worse. Apart from its greater risks of infection, unscrupulous proprietors will be even less concerned about cleanliness and hygiene when water is scarce.

Bathers' plight

And, as we say, public baths are by no means undeserving of criticism. Though compelled to take measures to kill harmful bacteria that may be present in the swimming water, very often too much chlorine is used for this purpose

We are glad that Alderman H. E. Fern, president of the Amateur Swimming Association, pointed out the dangers of this in his address to the conference of baths superintendents.

"Large numbers of bathers," he said, "have complained to me of smarting eyes and, if the water is swallowed, of nausea. Obviously in these cases sufficient care has not been exercised when dosing the water."

We agree with him that adequate filtering should be used to admit of a turnover every four hours, and that there should be better control of disinfection with chlorine.

Action we want

Above all, the health authorities must take drastic action before it is too late.

We demand that *every* swimming bath and pool should be brought under proper supervision and made to obey a rigid standard of purity.

There must be an end to the poisonous bathing-pools.

Sir Dilly Dally

There's another matter on which the Minister of Health, Sir Hilton Young, needs waking up.

He is preening himself because he has approved twenty-three rural water schemes in the last three months. As there are at least three hundred villages with inadequate supplies, all the schemes won't be passed for three years if he goes on at this rate.

Must there be more epidemics among the children, and more dying cattle, before help is given?

Monstrous

Then there's the Home Secretary, Sir John Gilmour, whose favourite word seems to be "No."

Ten years ago a life sentence convict made a murderous assault on Ethel Fry, daughter of a Parkhurst prison officer. She has been a nervous wreck ever since, has spent months in a nursing home, and wants to know if the Government will pay something towards the expense.

In this hard case the Home Secretary should be made to take back his callous "No."

The old game

But perhaps the Government is too busy with the Old Diplomacy to bother about home affairs.

We understand that groups of officers are being sent to Flanders by the War Office to plan tactical campaigns there—to fight the old battles again on paper with the modern weapons of tanks and aircraft.

What an outlook for the coming generation!

Men or dogs?

And there's little hope for mankind if the Rev. J. W. Joyce, a Norfolk vicar, is right.

He doesn't mind being ridiculed for offering prayers for dogs, he asserts. "I believe those prayers will be more readily answered than my prayers for human beings."

In view of his beliefs, we can't understand why he doesn't become a vet.

Parson breaks loose

Another curious person is a Berwick minister, the Rev. Marshall Smart. Just because members of a tennis club want to play on Sunday he says "they want to have people sitting in cafés on a Sunday, rising from cocktails and glasses of champagne to dance in a loose way with unknown women."

But we imagine that far more people are likely to be offended by his loose tongue than by Sunday indulgence in clean and healthy recreation.

Crazy women

Sillier still are the women who want to be miners.

A deputation of women's organisations has asked the Government not to agree to any international convention restricting the work of women underground!

Their determination to be treated equally with men is surely leading them to strange extremes.

We regard anyone who wants to work in the mines, under present conditions, as crazy.

Woman we admire

However, a woman "miner," we do admire is Dr. Elizabeth Macadam, who risked her life by crawling under a huge stone in the Addison Colliery, Durham, to administer an anæsthetic to a trapped miner.

The men wanted to make her a present, but she stopped the fund. But they have recognised her bravery by giving her a gift she can't refuse—a wedding present.

She thinks it a privilege to have had a share in restoring a breadwinner to his family; we think it a privilege to record her bravery.

Still working

A lesser reward was that given to the village postman at Great Oakley, Essex, who found £110 in the roadway.

He returned it to the distressed owner, who gave him 2s. for his trouble.

We understand, though, that the postman has decided not to retire.

Blunder

Returning to more serious matters, we are shocked by a deplorable hospital blunder at Grimsby.

Swabs taken from suspected diphtheria cases at Scartho Road Infirmary were mixed, so a patient who hadn't the disease was sent to the isolation hospital while a patient who was infected was kept in the infirmary.

It is said that a boy at the laboratory might have wrongly copied the labels. Even if this is so, why is such important work entrusted to a boy?

Still more cruelty

We are not surprised to learn that last year was the worst since the war for cases of cruelty to children.

The number of cases—44,000—was deplorable, but we agree with the Archbishop of Canterbury that it is necessary to consider the reasons for this great increase.

He is wise enough to realise the chances of exasperation in crowded and poverty-stricken homes. Who can doubt that if people were removed from distress and the slums there would be less cruelty?

This is surely the most urgent task confronting our legislators.

Helping hand

But we note with pleasure that Glamorgan is setting up a medical service for the unemployed and their families—and without the stigma of poor law treatment.

That is an excellent reply to the meanness of the Government and an example to other counties.

We hope, indeed, that it will be the first step towards a nation-wide reform of the medical service provided for the very poor.

Driven to death

Next—once again—we must refer to the inhumanity of the Ministry of Pensions.

George Dooley, of Jacksdale, suffered from mental trouble arising from his war wounds. The Ministry refused to grant him special treatment, and, finally, he hanged himself.

The Notts County Coroner's verdict upheld the doctor's view that Dooley's tragic condition was a result of his war service.

But we fear that won't disturb the Ministry, which has "no body to kick, nor soul to be damned."

Forged stamps scandal

We must call attention to the human side of the great forged stamps conspiracy, the full account of which we recently published.

If a worker is unfortunate enough to have forged stamps affixed on his unemployment insurance card, he is not entitled to benefit should he be thrown out of work.

This glaring defect in the law was rightly criticised in a case before the Stratford Petty Sessions last week.

Wicked

At this court at Walthamstow a builder and the ex-manager of a transport company were each fined £50 for having used faked stamps—one man having used as many as 440!

A solicitor admitted that the only chance of the defrauded workers to get the State benefits for which they had paid would be to buy the stamps themselves to make good the deficiency.

But, as Alderman Pitt remarked, how could the jobless men find the money to buy the stamps?

This is a monstrous injustice that officialdom must put right.

The Fragrant Minute.

THE MOUNTAIN GUIDE

LAST week I went to Chamonix. Alas, it was a sunless day! The mountain peaks we could not see, the clouds were low and dense and grey; but, what a thrill (and, oh, my pride!), I met a famous Alpine Guide.

In Chamonix we talked awhile. Wish I could paint him for you now. Slow speech, keen eyes and swift bright smile, enormous chest, serene of brow. He'd climbed Mont Blanc two hundred times—an epic, this, too great for rhymes!

He had been climbing forty years. His friends were mountain paths and peaks. I thought, "His heart has ne'er known fears; with what simplicity he speaks. 'Tis clear he does not realise that he's a hero in most eyes."

A new experience for me, meeting an Alpine Guide that day. I didn't mind that Chamonix was inhospitable and grey. I'd met a man who daily trod the paths that lead one close to God.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Meanness

Injustice, too, is the only word we can apply to the treatment of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra.

Owing to the temporary closing of the Pavilion, most of the players in this famous orchestra are forced to eke out an existence on a paltry 50s. a week!

Moreover, though the pay cuts imposed on Corporation officials have now been restored, the musicians are denied this relief.

What a reward for those players who have given twenty or thirty years' fine service!

Bournemouth is a rich town, and owes much to its orchestra. It should end this disgrace at once.

THE BOGEY MAN

—Why FEAR HIM?

The bogey man of Lancashire takes breakfast with his wife before going off to work in the mill

HOVERING over the smokeless stacks of the Lancashire cotton towns there is a bogey man. It is his fell clutch, we are told, which has stilled those endless rows of idle looms.

He it is who troubles the sleep of the mill magnates. And, by day, when harsh realists exhort them to do something about those smokeless chimneys, those deserted spindles, they point a shuddering finger at the bogey man.

At all the conferences on the cotton crisis (and there have been plenty of them), at all the round tables, the square tables and every other kind of table, he has been the silent presence dooming them to failure from the start.

He is the Japanese working man—the Japanese cotton mill worker.

Bill Smith, of Preston, who goes without bread, must by now have got a very confused picture of the Bill Smith of Japan on whom is fastened the sole guilt of depriving him of it.

From amid the acres of statistics about wages, hours of labour and production costs in Japan which are quoted so readily by the leaders of the British industry, the only image which emerges is of something half robot-half man, something which is half a slave to the loom and yet is direly bent through all his waking hours on directing it to our ruination.

How near is that picture to the truth? Well—here he is Hush! here comes the bogey man.

His name is Taro Yamada. His name is as common in Japan as Bill Smith's is in England. He is an *average* working man. How he works, what he earns, how he spends his money and his leisure can here be read as a fair and average picture of the Japanese cotton mill worker.

Taro works in a mill in the Osaka Prefecture. Osaka is the Preston and Blackburn and Manchester of Japan, rolled into one.

Taro's budget

HIS home, where he lives with his wife and two children, is a flat of four rooms and a bathroom in an artisans' suburb. There are whole blocks of them of steel, concrete and glass, ultra-modern and Western in appearance outside, but very Japanese inside with their paper sliding walls, matted floors and a bare minimum of furniture.

Taro's landlords may be either a syndicate or the mill company itself, but in either case his rent will be the same—29s. a month.

At the mill Taro works an eight-hour shift per day and his wages are £8 10s. a month. At the larger mills, which run a dormitory system for the women workers and so have elaborate catering arrangements, Taro also gets one meal during his shift at the firm's expense.

He works six days a week in a mill where the best of Lancashire has been grafted with American intensiveness in production and German thoroughness with regard to plant efficiency and up-to-dateness. Apart from his day off a week Taro gets all the public holidays each year in Japan; and there are eleven of them, including a four to five day stretch at the New Year.

There seems to be little here of the sweated machine slave who is scaring the Lancashire millowners into the bankruptcy courts. Can we discern the bogey man if we look further—into Taro's way of life, his habits, the way he spends his leisure?

We have mentioned Taro's earnings. Let us have a look at his budget.

£2 a week may not seem a great deal to bring home as a full week's wages and to keep wife and family on in all the status and comfort befitting an employed man. But in a country where the Prime Minister only gets £12 a week and a first-class Civil Servant only £4 10s., that £2 a week is quite adequate enough to keep Taro and his family comfortable and contented. Here are the chief items from Taro's budget: Rent, £1 9s. a month; Food, £3; Clothing, £1 4s.; Light and Fuel, 8s. 4d.; Beverages and Tobacco, 13s.

These figures—which, by the way, have been taken from the very comprehensive report on individual labour in Japan published by the International Labour Office at Geneva—leave, you will see, the sum of £1 15s. 8d. from Taro's monthly wages for recreation, savings, etc.

The clothing item in his budget is fairly heavy, but it includes Taro's suits of Western clothes, which he would not dream of going without, the children's apparel and his wife's clothes, of the kind worn by the Japanese female. At least one of her dresses will be of a far more expensive material than any worn by our Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Yamada, however, usually buys the material and makes up the attire herself.

Food at about 14s. a week for a family will seem extraordinarily cheap until it is remembered that the predominant article is rice.

Taro's breakfast before he starts work at 7 a.m. consists of bean soup, rice with a savoury sauce made from soya beans, and tea. The Prime Minister and Taro's millionaire employer have exactly the same breakfast. The ingredients may be a slightly better quality—that is all.

Lunch is the same with perhaps a little dried fish added. Supper the same with pickles added. Meat is eaten, usually, only once a week. Variety is obtained by the different methods of cooking, and by the sauces and numerous kinds of vegetable pickles.

After work—

TO Bill Smith it may seem a poor kind of diet, but Taro Yamada lives and thrives on it and likes nothing better. Steak for supper, eggs and bacon and a Sunday joint would probably make him ill. He would turn away from it with the same kind of loathing as Bill Smith would from rice three times a day.

His is not a lower standard of living; it is simply a *different* standard. If beef were as cheap as rice in Japan it would make no difference. Taro would continue to eat rice.

So far we have seen a man who works in a factory six days a week for adequate wages. Who lives with his wife and children in a flat for which he pays rent. Who eats three meals, whose children go to an elementary school run along English lines, where they are taught the same subjects as Bill Smith's children.

What does Taro do with his leisure?

Two or three nights a week he goes to workmates' houses, or they come to his, for the great national pastime—chess. One night a week the whole family goes to the mill theatre run by most of the large employers, which puts on musical and folk dancing turns and that eternal entertainment of the East—the professional storytellers.

Sport is catered for by inter-factory and inter-urban wrestling, fencing and jiu-jitsu contests. Professional sports spectacles are rare, but foqtball and baseball stadiums are now springing up in the large towns.

In cities like Osaka there are numerous kinemas, top prices 1s., where Taro goes once a week and sees Hollywood pictures with native sub-titles added.

Not so fearful

SUNDAY is almost invariably an open-air day. The whole family goes picnicking to any of the numerous open spaces and beauty spots around each city.

And they haven't to go far. In Japan if you should own a bluebell wood or a cherry orchard you can't enclose it. If it happens to be beautiful it is everybody's property.

The equivalent of "Wakes Week" in Japan are the first five days in January, when not only the mill towns but practically the whole country closes down, and there are continual open-air festivals in the country and at the seaside.

Easter Monday's counterpart is April 3—"cherry blossom time"—when all Japan, Taro and his boss, goes to drink *saké* and tea and to dance with their family and friends beneath the branches, laden with lovely blooms, of the sacred national tree.

That, in brief, is Taro Yamada's round of work and living and play. And there are a few hundred thousand like him now engaged in "putting the wind up" Lancashire.

When reduced to cold, simple facts, he certainly does not sound like a bogey man that ought to be able to scare hard-headed Lancashire cotton spinners for very long if they really settle down in earnest to tackle him.

When Justice takes the wrongdoer "for a ride" this is the vehicle she uses—the "Black Maria," prison on wheels

"HERE comes the Black Maria!" In a few seconds the whole street is agape.

Here it comes, black and sinister, and more funereal than a hearse, the drabbest thing on wheels, yet with public interest focussed on it in a moment.

The prison van . . . "Black Maria," as it is known to everybody not only in this country and all over our Empire but in France and America as well.

No wonder the crowds stare. But it is not so much the vehicle itself that causes them to do it as the thought of all it means, the stories behind it.

There was evidence the other day of its uncanny fascination when one of the most modern type of Black Marias broke down in Wandsworth High Street, while carrying eleven prisoners from Brixton Prison to Guildford.

Here was a chance to probe the secrets of the grim van, and passers-by were not slow to take it. They crowded round in such numbers that the street was packed and special police had to be rushed to the spot to control them.

How they stared into the faces of the handcuffed men as they were led out, marshalled in a line and marched to the police station.

A morbid curiosity, you may think! But what man or woman is not curious when the Black Maria passes? Who are inside it? Why are they there?

He didn't bother

The latest story this—in the grim annals of Black Maria. There are many more.

One of the saddest concerns the ride of that notorious financier, Jabez Balfour, to Wormwood Scrubs, to begin the sentence of fourteen years' hard labour passed on him only an hour before.

All the way he had been looking ruminatively out of the little darkened window of his cell in the prison van. Then, as the prison came into sight, he called the warder with a polite "Excuse me!"

The warder looked questioningly through his cell door. "Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"Is this the prison?" asked Jabez Balfour, adding, when he found that it was: "I have often passed it on my way to my estate in Oxfordshire. I used to see it from the train twice a day without bothering to think what it was. And now . . ."

He turned slowly to the window to look at it again, his set, twitching face giving but a meagre clue to the thoughts crowding through his mind.

Not as touching, perhaps, was the scene in the Black Maria when "Monte Carlo" Wells, the man who "broke the bank" at the famous gambling resort not once but several times in one day in 1898, so that the croupiers had to send out twelve times for more money, was on his way to a long and well-deserved "stretch" for fraud.

The warder thought he heard a cry of "Heads!" Then, a second later, the cry of "Tails!" Tracing the sound to Wells's cell, he found him in the act of slipping a coin through a crack in the partition separating him from the prisoner next door.

Wells, born gambler, whose very frauds had all the elements of being mad gambles, was keen on his "flutter" to the very last. He was actually playing pitch and toss with the man in the next compartment.

The game was stopped, abruptly, despite Well's plea that they would all have their money taken away when they reached the prison, so what did it matter anyhow? And there was a look of real distress on his face at losing this last opportunity of a gamble.

On his head

Funny? Just about as funny, perhaps, as the story of the young lad who persisted in standing on his head as the Black Maria—one of the old horse-drawn kind with a window to each cell—drove away from a London police court, bound for Wandsworth.

The attendant turned him the right way up, only to make the discovery that he was crying. Crying and standing on his head at the same time! But there was a reason.

That boy knew his Cockney mother and father were awaiting the passing of the van. And he wanted to show them—by letting them see his feet at the window—that he would face his sentence with courage and come out with a stiff upper lip.

How better could he do it than by illustrating in real practical fashion the old Cockney saying: "I am going to do it on my head"?

A prisoner, repentant too late, shouting out from the prison van a sermon to his fellow-travellers, although he could not see them! Another making known that he was going "to do two years," and that if anybody sentenced to a shorter term would give a hand to his wife and youngsters he would "make it right with them" when he came out, even if it meant "cracking a mansion" to pay them! Such incidents as these are commonplaces in the Black Maria.

Not so common in Maria's history are the stories of escapes and attempted escapes, because the precautions taken

HOMELY WISDOM BY CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

GIVERS and TAKERS

THERE is a saying that the world is full of willing people—some of them willing to work, and the rest willing to let them. I am reminded of it this morning by hearing from another person's lips a story of strain and sacrifice to which there seems to be no end.

It is instructive to note how often and how surely our material problems show themselves to be at bottom moral problems. The difference between one man and another is more often a question of character than of opportunity or luck.

Of course it is not to be denied that what looks like pure chance may send one man to the top of the tree and condemn another to poverty and hardship all his days. One often sees ability and worth denied a proper sphere for their exercise while at the same time unscrupulous selfishness manages to secure favour and success. It does indeed seem, as has often been observed, that many of the prizes of life get into the hands of the wrong people.

But the case I have in mind just now is not of this order; it is the all too common case of the willing helper being imposed upon to the limit by those who will neither help themselves nor anyone else. There are plenty of people willing to lean on others without being in the least ashamed of it; and there are few families that do not possess a relative somewhere in the background who never makes good at anything and is a constant burden upon those who do.

When you come to analyse the causes of these contrasts you will nearly always find that they reduce to strength and weakness of character. You know you can depend upon one member of a family to come well through any test of his moral reserves; you are confident that he will not let you down; and no matter how hard pressed he may be, he will not slip out of his responsibilities and leave someone else to bear the brunt of his failure. Of another, brought up in exactly the same way and with much the same start in life, experience compels you to expect the opposite. He may not be vicious or devoid of good impulses, but somehow he collapses under every trial and disappoints you so often that you get tired of holding him up.

The worst of it is that he expects to be held up, and the older he grows the more he gets into the habit of it. He never blames himself for the trouble he causes and the muddles he makes; always in his opinion the fault is with circumstances or with other people, never with his changeableness and incompetence.

Worse still, he is more likely to become your enemy if you put him under obligation than if you don't. If you help him but for one reason or another cannot keep on helping him indefinitely, he will turn against you and regard you as the prime cause of all his misfortunes. That is what he will tell the world and persuade himself that he is telling the truth. How often a debtor's feeling towards his benefactor turns to hate because the debt is not made bigger!

Should you, reader, be just now in the unpleasant position of having to put up with someone whose defects of will and moral quality you can neither cure nor protect yourself against, let me suggest one comforting thought.

It is better to be giver than taker in life. And at the very hardest you cannot be robbed of your chief resource, the treasure you carry within you, the strength that is yours, and the good that is you.

GRIM DRAMAS *of the* MOST SINISTER *of* VEHICLES

MARIA..

both at our prison gates and at the police court are so thorough that they leave little chance for a get-away.

For the most dramatic escape we must go back to the days of the Fenian outrages in England, which included the blowing up of the wall of Clerkenwell Prison by dynamite and an attack on a Black Maria in Manchester.

The latter occurred in September, 1867, when five Manchester Fenians, all armed with pistols, mixed in the street with the unsuspecting people around them awaiting the passage of a prison van containing the Fenian prisoners, one of whom was Colonel Thomas Kelly, deputy central organiser of the so-called "Irish Republic."

There was a rumble of steel-tyred wheels over the cobbles in the distance. Soon the familiar lines of the Black Maria came into view, the hooves of the horses drawing it beating sparks out of the granite road. Then could be seen the faces of the imprisoned Fenians pressed against the squat, darkened windows of their cells.

Death in the van

Suddenly, when the prison van reached the spot where the five confederates were waiting, two of them jumped to the horses' heads, a third covering the driver with his pistol. The two others rushed to the back of the Black Maria to effect the actual rescues.

A muzzle was pressed against the lock of the double doors at the back of the van. A shot rang out, a shot which shattered the lock as it was intended to do. But something the attackers didn't bargain for happened.

That same shot went to the heart of Police-Sergeant Brett, the attendant inside the van, killing him instantly.

And although the inmates of the van were released by their confederates—they got to America without being captured—the sensation caused by the killing of the policeman was such that all five assailants were seized and three of them were subsequently hanged for murder.

In 1862 the warder in charge of a Black Maria was garrotted in the streets of London, at the very doors of Newgate Prison. It was at the time when garrotting—one man seizing a victim by the throat from the back while the other went through his pockets—was rife.

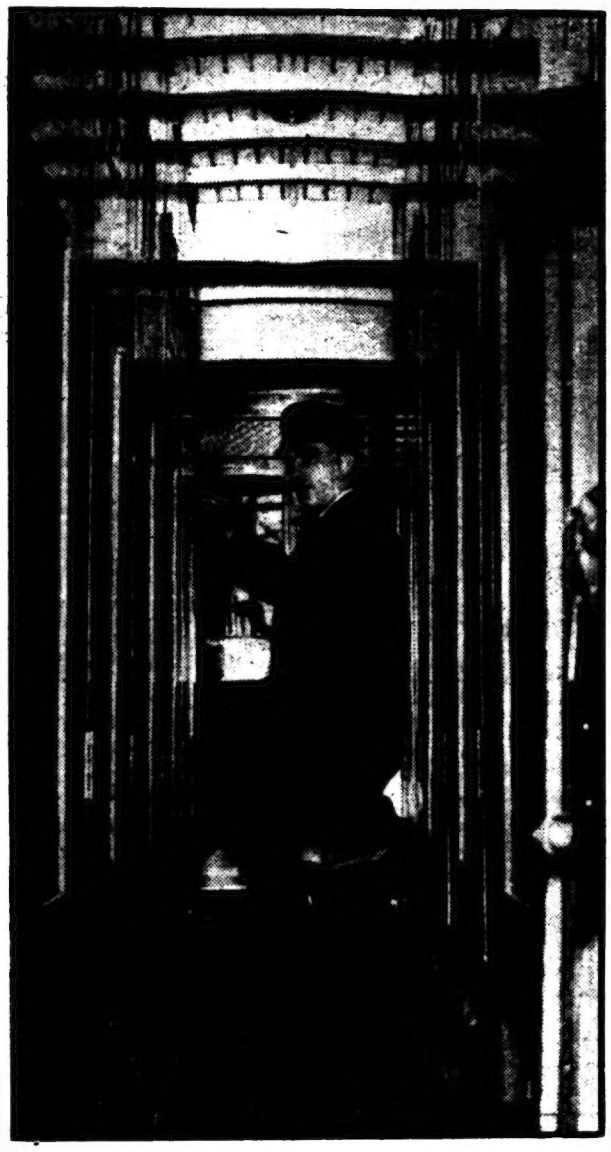
Went for a walk

He was superintending the unloading of the van when one of his prisoners, who had been arrested for garrotting, tried the trick on him and enabled all the occupants to escape.

Even in recent years there have been daring escapes from Black Marias.

One was cleverly executed two years ago by two men who were being taken from Barlinnie Prison to be tried in Glasgow for housebreaking.

Helped by the fact that there was no warder or policeman inside the van, they picked the locks of their cells with an ordinary nail, freed two other prisoners, picked the outer lock of the van, and took a flying leap into the street.



Cells in the latest type of "Black Maria." There are five on each side of the central corridor

The other two men sensibly decided not to take advantage of their partial liberty. But they did not shout and so give the game away. They kept quiet until the van reached the court house, when they quietly informed the astonished officials that the two missing men had decided "to go for a walk as it was a fine day!"

Two youths made a get-away from a prison van, in 1932, by the simple expedient of "making a run for it" when they were being unloaded outside the gates of Wormwood Scrubs.

One get-away, which was frustrated just in the nick of time through the vigilance of a warder, was attempted five years ago.

A prisoner in a van-load of twelve being driven across London to Pentonville, the majority of whom were dangerous convicts, bound eventually for Parkhurst, had managed to retain possession of a cuff-key such as the police use for unlocking handcuffs. This was passed from cell to cell so surreptitiously that before what was happening had apparently been noticed there wasn't a pair of handcuffs in the van that couldn't have been shaken off in a trice.

Plainly, these criminals had in mind a really desperate plan involving the overpowering of their guards when the doors were opened, perhaps battering the gateman at the prison should the van be on the inside of the gates when it was opened.

But the man on guard inside the van was too smart for them. He could tell by the way all the prisoners held their hands that they had done something to their handcuffs. So he had the Black Maria driven through the outer and then the inner gates of the prison, and rallied all possible assistance by clanging a bell before unlocking the cells and back door of the van.

Once a prisoner escaped from a Black Maria who had no real wish to do so. That was as recently as October of last year.

The van was carrying one man only at the time, a housebreaker named Longstaff, who had just been sentenced at Westminster Police Court.

Being on his own, Longstaff was not confined to a particular cell. And so, inquisitive because the van had been standing stationary for ten minutes, he walked to the back door and tried it with his foot.

The postcard

Wonders of wonders!—the door flew open. A quick look round told him that the van had drawn into a yard—in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, it proved. A solitary prison official was having a talk with the driver.

The prisoner was not of the cell-breaker type, but a few hours of liberty would appeal to any man. So he tiptoed noiselessly out of the yard.

He had made up his mind to give himself up after a walk of an hour or so, but he saw the humour of the situation. So he bought a postcard and wrote the following note:—

To Lord Trenchard, Whitehall. What about your mobile police and wireless? I had better come and help you.

Then, after posting it, he went and gave himself up.

Strange how little is known about Black Maria herself, seeing the amount of interest she always attracts. The earliest models of her were built of elm, for no other reason than that elm is the wood of Justice. The gallows at Tyburn was made of elm for the same reason.

The oddest type of van ever used was that which carried the debtors to the Fleet Prison before it was abolished in 1842. It had slots in the side enabling people to push pennies to the debtors.

The best Black Maria ever made is naturally the motor-propelled one now in almost general use in the large towns of Britain. A revolving cowl over each of the ten cells draws the used air from each, there are steel-lattice gates that open separately or can be opened simultaneously to give all the occupants instant release in case of accident, and the fire-fighting appliances and other safety apparatus carried make the vehicle as safe for prisoners as is the modern train for its passengers.

For the first time they have cells big enough to accommodate the fattest and the tallest of prisoners.

A successful racehorse was once found between the shafts of a Black Maria by "Old Tatt," the founder of Tattersalls, so widely-loved a figure that not a single highwayman would molest him, and his handkerchief was once returned to him by one of them "with compliments."

There are even superstitions attaching to this most sinister vehicle of the roads.

Some "old lags" move heaven and earth to get the nearest cell to the driver, believing it to be the augury of acquittal.

Maria the First

Black Marias have been snowed up, got through to their destination with the aid of a snow-plough, ditched, hit in collisions, and have, in fact, suffered all the mishaps other road-using vehicles are liable to, without ever having a single passenger killed or injured.

How did they get their grim name, you may wonder. It was first applied just over a hundred years ago to the prison van at Philadelphia, U.S.A., as a compliment to Marie Lee, a giant negro woman who kept a lodging house for seamen, and was so strong that the police always called for her help when moving refractory prisoners to the cells.

"Black Maria is coming." . . . No wonder she causes a stir, wherever she goes. And if she is a sinister sight in our streets, she is even more so in the yard to be found at the back of every court of justice when she calls to collect her convicted cargo, snatching her victims away from their weeping wives and mothers, fathers and brothers. And at the prison gates, too, where she is met with a flourishing and jangling of keys that must often be hell's own music to her huddled inmates.

Black Maria . . . a grim name. But hers is a grim job.

Write to JOHN BULL *About it!*

A reader who did so, says:

"I had applied to four different establishments for the information, but without success, before writing to JOHN BULL about it. If I'd done that in the first instance, I'd have had the information sooner, and been sixpence better off in stamps."

Why not profit from this reader's experience by writing yourself to JOHN BULL about it? Our Free Advice department is always at your service.

Into the UNKNOWN

IT was dark upstairs in a Buckingham home. A chubby little fellow with a candle that shed very little light was penetrating the Unknown that lay ahead of him.

No explorer, surely, ever needed more courage was ever surrounded by more haunting perils.

Then suddenly the unexpected happened, as it so often does in such daredevil enterprises.

The candle tottered in its stick and fell, to sputter and all but go out on the floor.

It seemed as if all the terrors of darkness had been unleashed.

* * *

And the little fellow? He ran, as grown-up men have run at times from dangers far less terrible to them.

He hid in another dark room with thumping heart when a call would have brought mother up at once to put out the candle.

It was too late for amateur efforts when mother was brought up by the smell of burning.

She snatched up the frightened little fellow—and the Fire Brigade had to attend to the rest.

The damage was considerable—serious enough to dismay the little family. But here was yet another case in which JOHN BULL was able to put its reader and his loved ones at ease.

We paid—because he had signed a form at no cost to himself. And now we reprint that form on page 2 so that you can protect your home and family, too. If you hesitate to turn to it now, you may forget!

. . . white wine or golden wine?

"Mr. E. Bulmer again offers"

50 Solid Silver Cider Tankards *FREE!*

If you saw the care taken in selecting the apples for Woodpecker you would know that a good cider was on the way. Sixteen-thousand tons of fresh apples go into our crushing mills each season. The apples we use are grown specially for cider and for no other purpose. To a skilful blending of these apples we owe the delicious flavour of Woodpecker.

Woodpecker is produced by similiar methods to those used by the Continental wine growers. We studied their methods over in France 40 years ago and adapted them to cider making. Our Woodpecker *is* wine. The wine of the apple. We sometimes describe it as the "White Wine of England." It has been suggested that its golden colour makes "The Golden Wine of England" a still more apt description. What is your opinion? White wine or Golden? For the best postcard replies, I will distribute 50 Solid Silver Tankards.

All you have to do is to write on a post card what, in your opinion, is the best description for Bulmer's Woodpecker. Post to H. P. Bulmer & Co. Ltd., Dept. C2, Cider Makers, Hereford, so as to reach us not later than June 19, 1934. No correspondence can be entered into and Mr. Bulmer's 50 awards must be regarded as final. Results will be published in "John Bull" on June 30.

E. Bulmer

BULMER'S WOODPECKER

THE COUNTRY CIDER THAT HAS COME TO TOWN!

The screw stoppered bottle is convenient and economical

10½d a flagon

(In England and Wales only. 1/- in Scotland)

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., CIDER MAKERS, HEREFORD

royds 408a

About Your Private Life—

An Open Letter to GEORGE LANSBURY

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I suppose I should say "Brother," because that's how you would begin if you were writing to me. And it's a fine word when *you* use it, because it is backed by your absolute belief in the Brotherhood of Man.

What a magnificent creed! There was a Carpenter of Nazareth Who once held it, too. Ordinary political views fade into insignificance beside it.

One day, George, this brotherhood of man will happen. Not in your lifetime, perhaps, or mine. But when it does come you'll be canonised as one of its prophets.

Only you'd prefer that they just called you "Brother"!

Well, George, here's telling you how thundering joyful I was to read the other day that, though still in hospital, you were to attend the weekly meetings of the Parliamentary Labour Party at the House of Commons.

In harness again, you old warhorse! Even at seventy-four it takes more than a broken thigh to lay you on the shelf.

D'you know, George, you could have a triumphal progress from Manor House Hospital to the House of Commons if you liked. The people would line the streets to cheer you and congratulate you on your magnificent recovery. They'd give you a king's reception. There's no public man alive to-day who stands so high in their affection and esteem.

* * *

My own love and esteem for you have recently undergone an increase. And I didn't think that was possible.

It is through reading that new book about you, "My Father," by your son Edgar. Books by sons about fathers are usually flat, dutiful panegyrics. But in you Edgar had a subject that he couldn't be just conventional about. You are too strong and interesting and lovable a personality.

I don't know whether you've read his book, George, or what you think about it. But I've not been impressed so much by a biography for many a long day. I think its charm and fascination worthy of your own.

So much so, in fact, that I intend publishing a long series of extracts from it soon for the delight of my millions of readers.

They all know your public life. When they've read these chapters from Edgar's book they'll know your private intimate life—and they'll know you and love you, as has been the case with me, better than ever before.

* * *

All your dear old foibles and characteristics are here displayed as they have revealed themselves within the four walls of your home down in the Bow Road to your family year after year. Just the little intimate touches, George, that round off the picture of you as a politician.

And it shows you to be a man of a piece throughout.

A real domestic close-up of you, George, whether you like it or not. But I'm pretty sure that our millions of readers are going to revel in it. They'll know they are getting the downright homely truth about you!

I was amused by Edgar's account of your non-committal attitude when he was writing the book.

"Eighteen months ago," he says, "father knew I had started writing it. If I understood his silences aright he was pleased and sceptical at the same time. He never opposed the idea and even lent me some letters and papers.

"Nor did he ever ask to see the MS. or evince any anxiety as to what I might write."

George, I've a sneaking feeling that you didn't think he was going to make such a magnificent job of it as he did. I wonder what you think now.

It must have aroused thousands of memories, pleasant and unpleasant, to read these chapters from your past as seen by one of your own children.

The father as he appears to the son. Lots of fathers would like to have a glimpse at such a revelation of themselves, but I think that many would be mightily afraid of what they'd see.

No such fear in your case, George—if you shouldn't by any chance have read the book yet!

Edgar is quite right when he says that he hopes he has shown not only that his father is not without honour in his own country, but that he is not without honour even among his own children.

He has shown that all right, because he has simply put down the domestic truth about you, George, right down to your old bedroom slippers!

All the best—

Fraternally yours,
JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,
Bishopthorpe, York

YOUR GRACE,—So far from believing in the "blessing of work," you are inclined to regard it as a curse.

It is leisure when there is money to spend, you add, and unemployment when there's no money to spend. And you know not one of your leisured and moneyed friends who wants to work.

Well, that only means that you're unlucky in your acquaintances. The unemployed would maintain that work is a blessing.

And I prefer to believe that idleness is a curse even to those people who are rich

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—I'm not very thrilled to hear that you are going to give us "brighter postage stamps" next August. But I should be pleased if you brightened the lives of sweated Post Office employees by giving them a living wage.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. W. W. SURRIDGE,
Manchester City Coroner

DEAR SIR,—I don't like your idea of kerbs a foot high for the protection of walkers.

Imagine old people just failing to surmount them in time, and children losing their foothold and being thrown down under the wheels of passing vehicles.

Some remedies are worse than the complaints. Yours would be one.

JOHN BULL.

The JUSTICES,
Wakefield, Yorks

YOUR WORSHIPS,—You fined fifty-nine motorists 10s. each for parking on the grass verge of a road while attending a point-to-point meeting.

A very impressive addition to your exchequer. But as none of the defendants appears to have been given a previous warning, I shan't wonder if they feel they have been victims of a barefaced profiteering ramp.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. MACLEAN WATT: You can't see how man can be a minister and not a teetotaller. That remark is really intemperate—and unjust to clergy who do good work though they enjoy glass of beer.—JOHN BULL.

Captain JAMES GRIFFITHS,
Deputy Lord Mayor, Cardiff

DEAR SIR,—"It is the rents and not the rates which are crucifying the people of our city," you exclaim.

You are right. I know that poor people in your great town are paying as much as 25s. and 27s. for a few rooms. I know, too, that the position is much the same in scores of other places.

Will nothing ever be done to end this infamous disgrace?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HOOD,
Lodden, Norfolk

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—You think that poorly-paid relief workers on the roads should be treated like the regular roadmen, who get Bank Holidays with full pay.

I'm sorry all your colleagues disagree. But I wager they would become less mean if they had to suffer the relief workers' hardships for a while.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Wellingborough

GENTLEMEN,—Having before you a farmer for failing to bury sheep carcasses, you found they were just seven out of 400 he had lost through the drought.

In dismissing the case and adding the kindly words, "We find you were physically beaten in dealing with your troubles," you did credit to your heads and your hearts.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor H. H. WILMOT,
Finchley

DEAR SIR,—"Finchley boys are in danger of becoming effeminate," you complain, because there are so few men teachers in their schools.

I have often expressed similar views myself. By all means let us have women teachers, who play a valuable part in the education of younger children, but boys should be taught by men after they have passed infancy.

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Mitcham Urban Council

SKINFLINTS,—I share the surprise of Judge Harrington that you should ask for the possession of a house whose tenant was only one week in arrears of rent.

The judge had to make the order, but said he regarded it as extremely harsh on the tenant.

I go further and say that your action is high-handed and mean.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JACK BARNETT,
Southchurch, Essex

BARNETT,—It has so often been my painful duty to refer to fatal explosions at dust destructors that I am glad to record that one of the idiots who throws explosives in the dustbin has been traced.

In your case the dustman noticed the live bullets you had discarded, and you have been fined £1.

I hope you have learned a lesson, too.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. TOM WALLS,
c/o 6, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

DEAR TOM,—Let me wish the best of luck to the "Sportsmen's Fund" that bears your name, by which you hope to raise £25,000 from sportsmen to carry on the work of relieving the ravages of cancer.

All kinds of sporting events are being arranged in its interest; mayors and lord mayors in many parts of the country are helping.

Now it's up to the public—and I sincerely hope you'll find that, for this purpose at least, we are all sportsmen.

JOHN BULL.

THOMAS STUART CLARK,
Litherland, Lancs

SWINDLER,—You were caught leaving your work to "sign on" at the employment exchange and so qualify for the "dole."

And then you had the impudence to complain that you were unlucky.

No, you were very lucky—to get off with a fine.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. HENRY COOK,
Crouch End, London, N.

DEAR PASTOR,—"Since women got the vote, Britain seems to have gone to the dogs," you lament.

But your wife implores us not to take you too seriously. She needn't worry. No one will give a second thought to your feeble ideas.

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE COOK,
St. Botolph's Street, Colchester

COOK,—The £180 fine inflicted on you was not a penny too much.

Having bought parts of a condemned tuberculous cow for your pigs, some were later exposed for sale in your shop.

Your lawyer said you had been very foolish. I have no words that would adequately express my abhorrence of you.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN BRACEWELL,
Cowling, Yorkshire

BRACEWELL,—I almost hope you are right in saying you can't pay the £100 fines imposed on you for illegal distilling.

For the stuff you made was crude, dangerous to health, and sold just to enable you to turn every shilling into a pound.

No, six months' imprisonment won't do you so much harm as your fiery concoction was capable of doing.

JOHN BULL.

The Stars reveal their secr

846 Film Stars of ... and ... use this s...

DOROTHY BOUCHIER,
lovely British film actress, uses Lux Toilet Soap "to keep my skin smooth."
MARGERY BINNER
who is rapidly gaining fame in British films, relies on Lux Toilet Soap.
NANCY BURNE
keeps her typically English beauty at its exquisite best by using Lux Toilet Soap.
GLORIA STUART
(Universal) says: "For years I've used delicious Lux Toilet Soap."
NANCY O'NEILL,
charming British film actress, says: "Lux Toilet Soap has such a wonderful lather."

WHO has not seen women so attractive that even in a crowd they are singled out . . . followed by admiring glances—almost as though they were famous film stars?

You cannot ask *them* their beauty secret . . . but—better than that—you can know the beauty secret of the film stars.

Here beautiful GLORIA STUART tells it to you: "Lovely skin is all-important to a woman," she says, "and especially to film stars. We *must* have exquisitely smooth, velvety soft skin. For years I've kept mine in perfect condition with delicious Lux Toilet Soap."

DISSOLVES PORE-FILM—HOLDS BEAUTY

Lux Toilet Soap is the *official* soap in all the great studios . . . 846 of the leading 857 stars use it regularly. Why is this beauty soap so popular with all the women 'who know'?

Here is the scientists' explanation: "Glands in the skin secrete perspiration and an oily substance which are expelled through the pores, and, unless removed, form a film on the skin. Dust and dirt cling to this *pore-film*—it hides and can even destroy skin beauty, for germs multiply in it." Specialists say you need a quick-lathering soap to remove it. Lux Toilet Soap has a *specially* quick-lathering action which dissolves pore-film—keeps skin smooth, clear. Keep *your* skin lovely. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly for the bath and shampoo too. At all grocers and dealers.

TL 570-93

LUX TOILET SOAP 3D. A TABLET

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

A LEVER PRODUCT

Can ENGLAND Do It without Larwood?

Australia takes the field—can we make them leave empty-handed?

A. G. Gardiner discusses the Riddle of the Test

NOTTINGHAM will be the hub of the cricket universe on Saturday. I hope the thousands of visitors who pour into that fine city and make their way to the Trent ridge ground will have better luck than e had when I last went to a Test match here. It was the first Test of the 1926 our. We had forty minutes of Hobbs nd Sutcliffe at the wickets, and then he rain came down and not another ball as bowled to the end of the four days.

That was the year in which, at the val, we at last turned the tide of battle hich had flowed so triumphantly for ustralia after the war. Since then the de has surged to and fro. We won e tourney in Australia in 1928-9, we st in England in 1930, and we won in ustralia in 1932-3. If this fluctuation ersists, it is Australia's turn to win the eries of matches that begins at Notting-am on Saturday.

And the omens are certainly in Aus-alia's favour. England, in the first atch, and probably throughout the eries, will be without the two chief illars of English Test match cricket. arwood will not play at Nottingham on aturday, and I fear the probabilities re that the trouble with his foot will ermanently disable him so far as Test atch cricket is concerned.

This is a quite irreparable loss for Eng-nd. Larwood is the greatest fast owler this country has produced for a eneration. He is the one cricketer for hom the Australians have no compar-ble set-off. They have in Bradman a atsman for whom we have no available t-off now that Hobbs has retired from e Test match arena. Hammond is the earest approach to him, but Hammond laying in England is never quite the qual of Hammond playing in Australia, hereas Bradman is more formidable ere than he is at home.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Test match tourney had become rgely a duel between England's peerless st bowler and Australia's peerless bats-an, and in the last series of matches in ustralia Larwood had the whip-hand his great opponent. He was not so mpletely his master as he has always en of Ponsford, the other great scoring achine of the Australians, but he was fficiently his master to give England e victory.

In his absence the spearhead of the nglish attack will be missing. There no substitute of the same class avail-ble. G. O. Allen is not playing this year, and men like Nichols of Essex and Clark of Northamptonshire lack the devastating "punch" which Larwood can put into his first half-dozen overs. It was that "punch" which settled the issue of the never-to-be-forgotten match at the Oval in 1926, and it was that "punch" that scared the Australians the winter before last.

What luck for Bradman and Ponsford that they should be going to Nottingham on Saturday and that Larwood, whom alone they fear, should not be on the field of play, but eating his heart out in the pavilion!

And the second stroke of bad fortune for England is that she will take the field without the ablest captain and one of the safest batsmen she has ever had. I can only guess what is behind Jardine's disappearance, but if it is connected, as I assume, with the hullabaloo raised about "body line" bowling, it represents the greatest triumph for judicious squealing on record.

☆ ☆ ☆

There was never a more brazen bluff put up than the outcry against the so-called "body line" bowling. The phrase was invented to create prejudice against a perfectly legitimate and long-practised form of attack. It cunningly confused the fast, short-pitched "bumper," which is an outrage, with leg-theory, which is the bowler's legitimate reply to the batsman who, protected by the absurd l.b.w. rule, plays the off-breaking ball with his pads instead of his bat.

It was as though the Australians had never heard of Gregory, or of Ernest Jones, who, in a Test match at the Oval, hammered "W. G.'s" body black and blue, and broke one of F. S. Jackson's ribs. The only novelty about Larwood's employment of leg-theory was that he bowled it more accurately and more successfully than any bowler had ever done.

His offence was not that he hit the batsmen—he hit fewer batsmen in a whole season in Australia than Jones did in one innings at the Oval—but that he got their wickets.

☆ ☆ ☆

Hence the hullaballoo. And hence, I imagine, the fact that England enters the contest at Nottingham without the most subtle and resourceful captain that has ever led an English eleven on to the field.

With this fact in view, I shall be surprised if Australia does not win the rubber. It will be a struggle between two teams immensely strong in batting, but both mediocre in bowling. I do not see in the English team that incisive attack which can get an eleven including Bradman, Ponsford, Woodfull, McCabe, Kippax and Darling twice out in four days on wickets such as we are having.

Nor, on the other hand, do I see in the Australians an attack that ought to dismiss an English eleven including Hammond, Sutcliffe, Hendren, Wyatt and Pataudi twice in four days. I saw Sandham and Gregory flog Grimmett, Wall, O'Reilly and the rest for a whole afternoon as if they were schoolboys, and the experience left me with the impression that if we are weak in bowling, Australia is weaker.

But her strength in batting is incontestable. I question whether so powerful a scoring team has ever come from Australia, and with good fielding and the advantage which a team which is always playing together has over a team which is collected for the occasion, I think the odds are on Australia.

If the hard wickets continue we shall probably have a series of drawn games, ending drearily to slow music on a fourth day which offers no prospect of a decision. In that case, as in 1926, there may be no result until the fight to a finish at the Oval. This would emphasise once more the need of speeding up the game by reforms which would penalise stonewalling. It is absurd that matches should drag on tour days without reaching an issue, and I should like to see an experiment made by the M.C.C. of a match in which maiden overs counted to the bowling side.

But it is possible that the drought may pass, and that sticky wickets may return. Then there will be a different tale to tell. The batsmen will be tied up, and the spin bowler will have his innings. If this happened I should not venture any forecast. Grimmett would become more formidable, and O'Reilly looks to me like a man who would be dangerous. But the English attack on tricky wickets would also be vastly more effective.

☆ ☆ ☆

And in this connection I should like to endorse J. W. Hearne's advocacy of the claims of Freeman to be included when the wicket is suitable to his genius. He is, and has been for years, the best slow bowler in the world, as his record shows, and the obstinate refusal to play him is "one of those things no fellah can understand."

And now the curtain rises. When we have seen the first act at Nottingham we shall be better able to judge what the play will be like and what the ultimate verdict will be.

Not from the B.B.C.—Miss M. D. McGillivray on—

Tadpoles and Troglodytes

ALTHOUGH I never once have
claimed to be
A paragon from some exotic
college,
Acquaintances have lately treated me
As if I were the very fount of knowledge.

My female friends, who once were free
and fond
With me, now in my presence seem
half-terrified,
Since I the habits of the frog have conned
And all its natal processes have
verified.

From boasting of my wisdom I've
refrained,
Yet feel I ought to offer an apology
Because I have presumptuously explained
The tadpole's most remarkable
morphology.

To economics, too, I've bent my mind—
A study that is fruitful and enlighten-
ing—
But men, in consequence, are apt to find
The prospect of my company quite
frightening.

But, oh, I'd hate to be a social blight
Who frowns at any hint of beer and
skittles!
For I've sought knowledge merely that I
might
In Government employment earn my
victuals!

Ever since my appointment as an executive officer at Somerset House there has been a tendency in some quarters to regard me as a mixture of blue stocking and wet blanket.

This, of course, is due to the publication of some of the questions in the examination which candidates had to pass; they being required, among other things, to describe the changes in a frog's egg from the time of deposition to the time of hatching and to indicate the duration of these processes from personal observation.

I admit that I am not clear as to what precisely the private life of the frog has to do with the working life of Somerset House. But the examiners apparently think that one is not qualified to deal with surtax returns unless one is able to "describe the morphology of the tadpole."

One must also furnish a few chatty remarks on the gold standard and conduct a searching enquiry into the religious faith of the late O. Cromwell before it is assumed that one is capable of assessing death duties and doing similar jobs of work.

Whether an extensive study of such recondite subjects is strictly necessary for a Somerset House clerk any more than for the gentcops of the Metropolitan Police, it is not for me to say.

But a correspondent complains that policemen will soon be too busy studying the crimes of Heliogabalus to give time to crime on our own back doorstep, and that, although we may go to Somerset House to learn the genealogy of the ichthyosaurus, we won't know where to apply for details of a will.

"Overcrowded minds," he writes, "are just as deplorable as overcrowded slums. I am happy to say that, never having sat for a Government examination, my so-called mind is not so stuffed with ancient rubbish as to have no room in which to accommodate a new idea."

Very often at night do I muse with
delight
On the knowledge that's not in my
head;
Of the volumes by scores that most
eminent bores
Have written—and I haven't read!
Nor have I yet spied on a tadpole's
inside!
But still I don't sit down and sob;
For I simply don't care, though I know
that I ne'er
Can at Somerset House get a job.

It is furthermore plain that a place I
can't gain
In Trenchard's new fancy police!
But I gaily decline o'er this fact to repine
As I watch the appalling increase
Of exams. galore, and I ask what they're
for?
It leaves me a little unmanned
When I think: "Save for me, there will
very soon be
No ignorance left in the land!"

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU. Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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A BIG BARGAIN in Super Grade Flannels is made by Messrs. Hope Bros., Ltd., the well-known London outfitters. These Flannels are cut in the newest style with top band, pleats, belt loops and side straps. All the making of a first-class garment has gone into these Flannels, yet the price is only 7/11 post free. Read the full offer on p. 3.

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BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES. 30/-. 78 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

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Few people think there's a better 250; there isn't really; nor is there another with unit construction or helical gear drive or with so many enthusiastic agents conscientiously recommending it.
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Send the coupon and we will forward you our catalogue. The "Unit Super" costs you 40/- per month, including all equipment and full comprehensive insurance, or 33 gns. cash—whichever suits you better.
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Please send me full particulars of "Unit-Super" Model.
Name .....
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To New Imperial Motors Ltd, Dept. 11, Hall Green, Birmingham, 11. ½d. stamp

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PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS. Drum Outfits. Wonderful 1934 Catalogue 44 pages free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

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ARE you suffering from Headache or Neuralgia? Cephos, the Harley Street Physician's remedy, will give you instant and permanent relief. Contains no injurious drugs. Cannot affect the heart. In powders and tablets. Send p.c. for Free Generous Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

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RHEUMATIC sufferers should turn to the Alfred Bishop offer on p. 32 and write for a free booklet containing dietary chart and an offer of 30 days' trial treatment.

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FREE.—Generous sample of "Fren-a-Mint," the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, which banishes constipation. Send 1½. stamp to White's Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. Hla, 15, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1. See p. 24.

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FOR cuts, burns and scalds doctors use VASELINE JELLY, because it is a perfect protection. It is soothing, safe, pure and healing. For babies especially it is invaluable. See p. 27.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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PURE BEER easily made at home! Turn to the "Vigormalt" advt. on p. 25. A trial size is offered. Free yeast is supplied with each tin.

FOLLOW Old Hethers' advice on p. 18 and make your Barley Water from Robinson's "Patent" Barley. It's as pure as it's refreshing. The famous Old Hethers' recipe is on every tin.

ANOTHER 50 Solid Silver Tankards free.—Simply write on a postcard what in your opinion is the best description for BULMER'S WOODPECKER CIDER. Some people describe it as the "white wine of England." It has also been suggested that its golden colour makes "The Golden Wine of England" a still more apt description. What is your opinion? For the best postcard replies these beautiful Solid Silver Tankards will be distributed free to *John Bull* readers. When sending in your entry, which must be received by June 19, be sure to mention *John Bull* and post to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. C2, Cider Makers, Hereford. See p. 10.

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FREE! Get a copy of the STORK Recipe Book by filling in your name and address in the coupon appearing on p. 27. This informative book will assist mothers and housewives particularly interested in home cooking

SEND a postcard to W. Foster (Dept. 33), Town Hall, Blackpool, and get a copy of the new "Holiday Journal," which explains how you can spend a pleasant time at BLACKPOOL. This brochure is offered free to readers who write mentioning *John Bull*. Further particulars appear on p. 29.

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FREE.—A choice of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Gifts: (1) Hair Grower; (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uson Brilliantine; (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair-Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in ad. on Back Cover with 4d. stamp for postage for free samples and manual of instructions.

ROGUE *with a* FACE *of* GOLD

THERE is a man in London to-day who holds the golden secret of a modern Aladdin's Cave.

He is Mr. John Malcolm Petrie, of Talbot Square, Kensington, and elsewhere.

He is a man of exceptional charm and a gifted talker.

Brazen-faced is a term applied to many men, but Petrie might be said to possess a face of gold.

Although the manner in which he became possessed of his great secret is known only to himself, he is not in the least avaricious.

In fact, he has latterly shown a generous desire to share his dream of wealth with a few selected friends whom he is anxious to enrich.

Petrie, who remains mostly in the background, employs a number of skilled representatives who act on his behalf to induce people to invest in the various schemes he promotes for the purpose of raising money.

One journeyed some months ago to the North Country residence of a man who has speculated in several companies. The latter was surprised to discover that his visitor knew so much about his personal affairs and was quite impressed by his plausible story.

Big business

He did not, of course, know that his caller had previously devoted a lot of time to arming himself with as many inner facts as possible to make his conversation ring true.

The North Countryman, who is fairly wealthy, was naturally pleased to make the acquaintance of Petrie's agent in such circumstances.

When the latter came down to hard facts and began discussing the virtues of the "deal," the North Countryman was all attention. And the documents which were produced seemed to be so authentic that within half an hour of his arrival the agent had matters all his own way and knew that he was twisting his listener round his little finger.

The story he told, briefly put, was that he represented a company which had been formed to purchase a concession to work a gold mine in South Africa, and that in due course this concern would resell the concession to a public company to be floated later with a capital of a quarter of a million sterling.

Correspondence to this effect was among the numerous papers produced.

It was proposed to limit the number of people who could invest in the "deal," and he felt that his hearer might be glad of this opportunity of participating.

In the end the North-Country client parted with a substantial sum of money, which was to be invested in the company, and in return for which share certificates would later be forwarded.

He was given to understand that he would also receive additional shares when the big public company was eventually formed.

That, as we have said, happened several months ago. There is so far no sign whatever of the "big public company." Actually, it still only exists in the imagination of Petrie, who, in any case, has no right to use the name of the gold mine in question, or of any company which may or may not be associated with it.

Inquiries reveal that Petrie, who is also known in the name of John Malcolm, has induced many people to part with money in this audacious fashion.

Sir Percival Clarke, now Chairman of the London Sessions, once conducted a successful prosecution against Petrie in one of his most spectacular and daring frauds

Bargain shares

Scotland Yard detectives have received numerous complaints about him from various parts of the country, and the result of our investigations shows that he has for years made a profitable business of extracting large sums of money from investors through the medium of similar stories

Often he uses, or rather misuses, the names of highly reputable companies, and professes to be able to sell their stocks and shares at bargain prices.

On one occasion he had the impertinence to use he name of a famous company in the City of London, and caused its directors endless trouble through his fraudulent operations.

Associated with one of the most successful and polished rogues in company-promoting swindles—a man named William Tester—he conspired to sell share certificates of the latter concern, which had been forged.

Between them, Petrie and Tester obtained more than £22,000 in about eight months from people deceived by well-told stories, backed by fabricated documents.

They actually went so far as to bribe a clerk in the employ of the company, who was induced to steal the certificate forms which Tester forged.

This clerk lost his employment, which he had held for years with an unblemished character, and underwent a term of imprisonment in consequence of his part in the conspiracy.

While they were operating in this audacious manner, Tester was also interested in a company formed in Belfast, called Irish Attractions.

The ostensible object of this was to run a big sweepstake on the English Derby, but the company failed when the local police became interested in its operations.

Tester, who was the prime mover in this Irish swindle, fled the country when the Belfast police began to investigate the complaints that poured in from dupes.

While hiding in Leeds, he improved the shining hour by obtaining £8,000 from a clergyman by a trick.

That Petrie is a very dangerous criminal can be gauged from the story of a man who some time ago found himself in the dock of the Old Bailey on charges of fraud.

The judge was told by Chief-Inspector Greer, of the City of London Police, that the latter was a man of good character who had committed the offences while under the influence and domination of Petrie.

In another instance, acting as managing director of a company which he had formed to work "certain tin-dredging concessions" in Portugal, Petrie perpetrated a gross fraud upon a well-known firm of City brokers.

Although he was very hard-pressed for money at the time, he negotiated with these brokers for the purchase of some thousands of shares.

He airily wrote out a cheque for £3,500 in payment and promptly resold the bulk of the shares for cash. His cheque was worthless!

Faced with prosecution, he assumed a bold air, and, making some plausible excuse, promised settlement within three days.

The way in which he "settled it" provides a further example of his audacity.

He went to a man whom he had already deceived, although this fact was not then apparent, and told him an astonishing story.

Bankrupt

He said he had interested some wealthy people in a hydro-magnasite invention. One investor had promised to put up £20,000 if he could prove that he had at least £3,000 towards the formation and preliminary expenses of a proposed company for marketing the invention.

The victim believed his story and handed over a cheque for £3,000. This Petrie paid to the brokers he had swindled and, by the merest chance, escaped a well-deserved spell in prison.

During his chequered career, Petrie has opened several banking accounts which have been most unsatisfactorily conducted, and has issued worthless cheques for large sums.

He is also an undischarged bankrupt, having failed some time ago with heavy liabilities—a disclosure which should prove of interest to some of the people with whom he has latterly conducted business on credit.

He has performed some despicable tricks in his time. On one occasion he took over a business which had become bankrupt owing to domestic troubles between the owner and his wife, and, posing as a Good Samaritan, agreed to endeavour to rehabilitate it.

For a few weeks all seemed to go well; then he left it, after several complaints had been made about his crude financial methods.

Jail record

Petrie's grandiose schemes have covered a wide field. And he is not always after gold. Radium, coal, tobacco, glass, have all brought grist to his mill.

The authorities have received constant inquiries about him. On at least two occasions the outcome has been that Petrie was sent to prison—once for a term of fifteen months and again for eighteen months.

Some of his latest share operations have been carried out from "headquarters" at a hotel in the West End of London, from which Petrie was recently ejected.

The hotel authorities asked him to go because certain of his friends proved to be men of objectionable character, and because he showed a remarkable reluctance to settle his growing account.

Incidentally, quite a number of people have given him credit without knowing that he is an undischarged bankrupt—a fact to which the authorities should direct their earliest attention.

Captain Swindler, M.C.

LOOKING every inch a soldier, a rogue who passes in the name of Captain Lionel Carew has for some weeks been very active in swindling people of large sums of money.

His victims are mostly tradesmen upon whom he descends in the guise of a War Office staff officer.

At Salisbury a few days ago he entered the shop of a dealer in radio supplies and, displaying the most fastidious airs, purchased a wireless set valued at seventeen guineas.

He wanted it, he said, as a little present for a brother officer who had rendered him a great, personal service, and asked the dealer to send it, with his compliments, to an officer—whom he named—at a local address.

When his bill was made out Captain Carew requested the dealer to do him a favour, and handed him a cheque drawn on a West End bank for £35.

This was endorsed "O.H.M.S. Ordnance Dept.," made out to "Captain Lionel Carew, M.C.," and crossed "War Office, No. 2 Account."

Its signature purported to be that of "John Carpenter, Colonel."

The dealer, knowing nothing about War Office banking matters, handed Carew the change, and he left the establishment with appropriate thanks.

When the wireless set was taken to the address Carew had written down the officer supposedly residing there was found to be unknown!

Carew, who "purchases" any class of goods which enable him to negotiate his "War Office" cheques, has repeated his ingenious little trick in all parts.

His cheques are all forgeries, and he is only known to the War Office and Ordnance Corps by virtue of the fact that a formidable dossier of complaints is steadily growing in both departments!

He uses any name at will, and some of his most recent transactions have been carried out in the aliases of Captain "Dorkney" and Captain "Dent."

He is obviously a very plausible and dangerous man, whose arrest will, we hope, be effected as speedily as possible.

MR. A. RABBIT
(Wizard of the deep field) **WRITES:—**

"Give me a place in the 'deep', a pipe of Digger and the other fellows can do the fielding."

PLAYER'S

DIGGER 8D

CUT PLUG

PER OZ

P.D.29

THE MACHINE EXPERIENCED CYCLISTS ARE BUYING from £3-19-9

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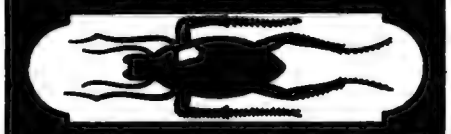
SECTO KILLS



ALL INSECTS
FROM CHEMISTS 4 6 1

CHILD'S FACE A MASS OF SCALES

Had to Keep Bandages on Hands. Healed by Cuticura.

"My boy was a mass of scales on his face. He kept scratching them until they went to his head and covered it. We were ashamed to let him out. He got so itchy we had to keep bandages on his hands to stop him scratching and he could not sleep. We were up night after night with him.

"He suffered about twelve months; then I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I was so pleased I bought more, and now he is healed." (Signed) James Byrne, 7 Cumnor Pl., Lochore, Fifeshire, Scot.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura Soap and Ointment for daily toilet purposes. Touch pimples and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31, Beamer St., London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

RATIONAL TAILORING

50/-
NO EXTRAS

"I hope you're not forgetting the working man, Mr. Price!"

MR. PRICE. I don't quite understand . . .

WORKING MAN: Well, I've seen a lot of smart young city-men in your advertisements recently, and a bit of talk about your 75/- suits.

MR. PRICE: That's perfectly true. But 'Rational Tailoring' caters for all classes and types of men, you know; and we've only been letting some of the others know a few of its virtues.

WORKING MAN: That's all very well, but—

MR. PRICE: But what they want out of a suit is not quite the same as what you want?

WORKING MAN: That's what I was thinking.

MR. PRICE: I quite understand. Although actually, there is less difference nowadays than you imagine.

WORKING MAN: But still, the man who works in an office and who wants to wear a smart suit all day and every day, naturally goes out for style every time. Whereas fellows like us—with a roughish sort of job, and more often than not, in a suit of dungarees or a hard-wearing uniform—we go in more for something that's going to last.

MR. PRICE: Exactly! And the point I am making is that 'Rational Tailoring' enables the working man to have it both ways—as hard-wearing a suit as any man ever had, *plus* a smarter cut and a better fit than ever seemed possible, even only a few years ago. And, as you can imagine, not many men complain about *that!*

As to the 75/- suit, it's no newcomer, for we have always supplied it for those who care to ask for it. But the Fifty Shilling suit will always be the mainstay of our business and it remains what it always has been—the finest tailoring value in the country. As a matter of fact, this year it is by far the best in materials, style and workmanship—that even we have ever been able to offer.

THE FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

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OVER 200 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

Proprietors: Prices Tailors Limited

A general view of the King's Lynn and West Norfolk Hospital and an operation in progress in its theatre

Scarred for Life in HOSPITAL

ONCE again we have to perform what is to us one of our most unpleasant duties. We have to pass criticism upon a well-known hospital for certain happenings that have taken place there.

We well know and appreciate the splendid services that the voluntary hospitals render to the community. The public is for ever deeply indebted to them and their devoted workers. Their great achievements are only too often taken for granted.

But where blunders occur, as in the case under review, we feel that as a matter of public interest we must not refrain from calling attention to the fact.

The hospital in question is the King's Lynn and West Norfolk, and certain facts have been brought to the notice of JOHN BULL, which, on careful investigation, suggest that reforms are immediately necessary there.

Living at Heacham, on the outskirts of the seaside town of Hunstanton, is a young man by the name of Stanley Richardson, who will carry to his dying day the scars of injury which he sustained through unaccountable carelessness when he was a patient at the hospital.

Young Richardson has only lately secured employment after a long term of illness and suffering as a result of his injuries.

Here is his story, supported by evidence which cannot be disputed:—

Richardson, working in a blacksmith's shop, had the misfortune to smash one of the fingers of his right hand in a drilling machine. The injury was such that an immediate operation was necessary, and he was rushed in a motor car by his employer to the hospital at King's Lynn.

Blacksmith called in

There Richardson was taken into a small operating room on the ground floor, and an effort was made to administer an anæsthetic. Richardson proved to be one of those patients who cannot take an anæsthetic easily or comfortably.

He fought and struggled when the mask was placed over his face. Only women were in the room, and it was impossible for them adequately to control him.

A request was therefore made to Mr. R. Joyce, the blacksmith of Heacham, to come in the operating theatre and give assistance. Mr. Joyce was in his working clothes, much-soiled dungarees, just as he had left the forge, and his hands grimed with toil.

Then you have a most extraordinary thing happening. The blacksmith was asked to lean across the operating table and hold the patient down while the anæsthetic was given. Apparently there were no male officials at the hospital available for such a task, and therefore Mr. Joyce had to perform it.

What an amazing state of affairs that at any hospital it should be necessary to request a working blacksmith to become a helper at an operation.

The accident

Once Richardson was safely "asleep" under the anæsthetic—the strong arms of the blacksmith soon quietened his struggles—the amputation of the injured finger was carried out expeditiously and well.

The wheeled table on which the patient lay unconscious was pushed to one side in the room while the nurses busied themselves clearing up.

It happened that Mr. Joyce looked back into the theatre to see how Richardson was, and he observed that Richardson's left arm was hanging down between the table and the hot-water pipes which provided heat to the room.

Because he thought it was an uncomfortable position, Mr. Joyce went and raised Richardson's arm, and in doing so burnt his own hand against the hot water pipes.

At that he noticed the arm of the unconscious patient had been burned by the scalding hot pipes from wrist to shoulder and was already a mass of blisters. Promptly he called the attention of a nurse to this injury.

What had occurred was that, in the pushing of the wheeled table to the side of the room, the patient's arm had been wedged between the table and the radiator pipes.

But for the accident of Mr. Joyce seeing this Richardson might have been left for some considerable time longer with his flesh scalding against the pipes.

Next day Richardson was discharged from the hospital His amputated finger gave him no trouble at all, but for months he suffered from the intolerable burns on his arm.

The wounds became septic, and caused grievous pain He was treated by his own doctor for a prolonged period, and to-day carries the scars as a reminder of his visit to the Lynn and West Norfolk Hospital.

Another case from the records of this hospital is equally as startling.

"Made a mistake"

Phillip Kendle, of Queen Street, King's Lynn, was returning home from duty at the town docks when he was knocked down by a five-ton motor lorry, which ran over his left foot, grinding bone and flesh into a shapeless lump.

He, too, was rushed to the hospital as an accident casualty. There his foot was X-rayed, the injury dressed and placed in splints.

And Kendle, injured as he was, suffering intense pain and shock, *was sent off to his home, and told to come back again in seven days*—on the following Monday.

Through that week Kendle remained without any attention except the service his family could give him, his injured foot in its old dressings.

When he went back to the hospital on the appointed day, it was only to be told by a nurse that a mistake had been made, that Tuesday, not Monday, was his day, and that he must go home again and wait another twenty-four hours.

On the Tuesday, Kendle was at the hospital by 9.45, and instructed to wait.

And he did wait, waiting until 2 15—according to his own statement—before his foot was re-examined and redressed.

Subsequently he placed himself in the hands of a King's Lynn doctor, who expressed surprise that the man had not been admitted as an in-patient of the hospital, rather than being left to the unskilled care of his relatives.

Maimed

At a later stage, because the condition of the foot became worse instead of better, Kendle was sent to hospital—but not at King's Lynn. He was taken to the Royal Orthopedic Hospital in London, as the patient of a famous specialist, and there, because the foot was then beyond repair, amputation was performed.

Now Phillip Kendle is in King's Lynn once more, maimed for the rest of his life, limping on crutches. Always he will have the thought in his mind that if he had been taken into his own town hospital on the day of his accident his limb might have been saved.

Instead they sent him home; told him to wait a week.

We have particularised these two instances in which the hospital is open to the strongest criticism, but enquiry shows there are others, as well, which reflect rather adversely on this public institution.

Rather naturally all these separate cases are the subject of discussion among the friends of the patients at King's Lynn and the villages of West Norfolk.

Funds which the hospital needed so badly are now in hand.

The handicaps of shortage of staff and lack of equipment can, consequently, be remedied.

This article has been written in order that the governors of the hospital may know some of the things which have occurred, and the uncomfortable stories being told in their locality.

With that knowledge—we have no doubt—they will remove all deficiencies and substance of criticism.

QUEER FARMING OFFER

FARMERS in the southern counties and elsewhere are mystified by an advertisement which appeared the other day, inviting them to take advantage of the service afforded by a concern called the Agricultural Employment Bureau, which has removed from Reading in Berkshire to the offices of A. Keen and Co. at 13, St Paul's Station Chambers, London.

They are asked to state particulars as to the class of employee required, the nature of the occupation, age, married or single, and the remuneration they are prepared to offer.

The form supplied is precisely similar to that used by the Agricultural Employment Bureau when it was operating from Reading.

When in November last it was advertising for skilled cowmen, ploughmen and dairy hands, we issued a warning to our farming readers who were invited to pay a registration fee of five shillings. This so-called "agency" was then neither registered as a trading organisation nor as a bureau for procuring employment.

These defects have in part been remedied, and Mr. J. B. Cartwright, described as an estate and business transfer agent, has taken out a certificate under the Business Names Act.

But the Agricultural Employment Bureau is not yet licensed by the City of London authorities.

A Suffolk reader who paid his ten shillings to this concern when it occupied an office at 65, Broad Street, Reading, seeking to re-kindle an interest which has lapsed, has applied to the London offices for redress

But the present proprietor does not hold himself responsible. Yet the principal of A. Keen and Co.—an unlicensed concern—is the proprietor of the Agricultural Employment Bureau.

How Mr. Cartwright proposes to secure skilled labour for farmers in Sussex and Suffolk from an estate agency in the heart of London is a question which he alone can answer.

"ANOTHER ONE, MADAM?"

says OLD HETHERS

"All the ladies and gentlemen here seem to go for my Barley Water. 'It's the knack you have of making it so cooling and so thirst quenching, Hethers,' they say to me. But bless you, anyone can make it as good as that, with the help of this Robinson's Barley."

VS-131

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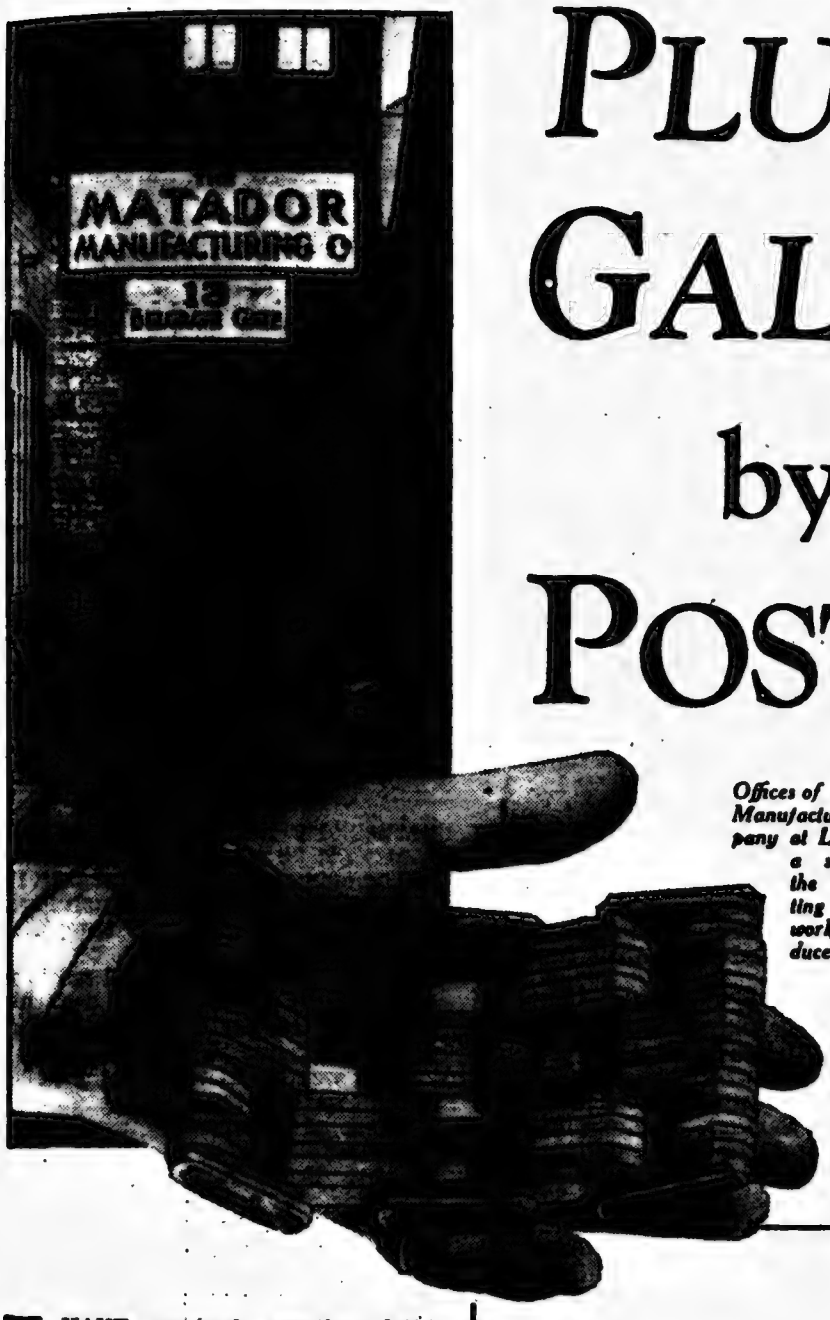
A Nation-Wide Home Crafts Scheme Exposed

PLUNDER GALORE by POST



Offices of the Matador Manufacturing Company at Leicester, and a specimen of the leather matting which home workers are induced to assemble

I HAVE received countless letters from readers scattered in Aberdeen, Abertillery, Bradford, London, Liverpool, Manchester, South Wales, Bristol and Newbury, with regard to offers of home-work made by two individual firms.

One of these firms is the Repha Industries Company, of 74, Regent Street, Kettering, Northamptonshire; and the other is the Matador Manufacturing Company, of 13, Belgrave Gate, Leicester. Though they appear to be conducting individual campaigns for enrolling clients throughout the country, I have discovered several interesting links between them.

The Repha Industries Company, of 74, Regent Street, Kettering, invites those in need of employment to send thirty shillings by way of an enrolment fee, and in consideration for illustrated instructions dealing with the manufacture of leather matting at home.

And through the medium of an attractively-printed brochure, the Matador Manufacturing Company of 13, Belgrave Gate, Leicester, has addressed many of my readers on similar lines.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from MAJOR-GENERAL Sir Wyndham Childs

Airy promises

The only difference, in fact, is that the Matador concern is more modest in its demands and requires its applicants to part with only twenty shillings.

"*This is the largest and most complete organisation of its kind,*" boasts the principal of this last-mentioned concern. "*Turn your spare time into making 'Matador' British matting for us. We guarantee to take your finished work.*"

I note with especial interest that both these "companies" undertake to buy their pupils' finished work.

But after again going into the scheme I have arrived at the conclusion that the "guarantees" and "promises" are worth little more than the paper upon which they are lavishly made.

Some of my readers may possibly remember that I issued a brief warning about the Matador concern in the autumn of last year.

They kept quiet

Immediately it appeared, I received letters from readers in all parts of the country, and through some of them I learned of the existence of Repha Industries Company, which about this time embarked upon a widespread fee-snatching effort.

And this concern, like the Matador, is offering to pay readers at the rate of a shilling a square foot for the leather matting they are induced to turn out.

The mats, in both instances, are made from odd bits of leather which, strung together, are secured on wire hinges into squares in chess-board pattern.

It is an important consideration that the work cannot be done without special tools.

The literature published is the most persuasive I have seen for a long time; and I am not by any means astonished to learn that many thousands of people have been induced to take up the scheme.

"The extent of your success and the amount of money you earn depends upon your own efforts," the proprietor of the Matador Manufacturing Company, of 13, Belgrave Gate, Leicester, states in the booklet I have already referred to.

And "You will receive payment direct from this company," runs the leaflet circularised by Repha Industries, of Kettering.

The first company promises to accept at least £15 worth of leather mats from home-workers; and the second undertakes to give a starting order for £20 worth.

It is quite clear that some of my readers have embarked upon this quaint money-making scheme without first seeking my advice; and that they have been put to a considerable outlay of both time and money.

It is because of the vast number of enquiries I have received from readers that I have caused a full enquiry to be made.

One of my investigators who went to Kettering discovered Repha Industries Company in an office over a butcher's shop.

Similar enquiry in Leicester showed that the Matador Manufacturing Company is in occupation of offices in a building at the bottom of a yard off Belgrave Gate.

Mystery solved

And then an air of mystery is added by the receipt of a letter from a reader in Aberdeen who, having taken up yet another home mat-making scheme run by a company called Arnolds (Wellingborough), Ltd., of 2, Glen Bank, Wellingborough, Northants, is now invited to sell them to one C. Thomas, of 129, Wellington Street, Kettering.

Arnold (Wellingborough), Ltd., I find, has now ceased to trade, and its offices are empty and deserted.

Who, then, is Mr. C. Thomas, and why should he be so interested in the clients of a defunct firm?

When I probe this mystery I find he is the registered proprietor of Repha Industries Company, a business name registered in September of last year!

The Matador Manufacturing Company, of 13, Belgrave Gate, Leicester, on the other hand, is the business name registered by Mr. Percival Smith, who commenced trading about the same time.

And both Thomas and Smith were formerly active directors of Arnolds (Wellingborough), Ltd.

This in its turn was founded a couple of years ago to take over the business of yet another home-employment venture called the Everlast Matting Company, which enjoyed a somewhat short-lived career at 109, Melton Road, Wellingborough, where both Thomas and Smith then lived together!

According to the registry o. directors in Somerset House, Thomas, whose name now adorns the headed notepaper used by the Repha Industries Company, is more fully known as Cyril Branwell Arnold Abraham Thomas.

I note with some amusement that he has latterly taken to using a hyphen, calling himself Abraham-Thomas.

Many readers have complained to me regarding their experiences with the Everlast Matting Company.

Like the Repha Industries Company, of Kettering and like the Matador Manufacturing Company, of Leicester, the Everlast Matting Company assured applicants for home-work that it would accept their finished work if up to specification.

Thomas and Smith took over the business of the Everlast concern, lock, stock and barrel, but enquiries I have made in Wellingborough reveal that the authorities there have received numerous enquiries and complaints from disillusioned home-workers, whose products neither Thomas nor Smith could be induced to buy.

Yet, as I have already pointed out, both these men were directors of Arnolds (Wellingborough), Ltd., a company which was registered nearly four years ago, with a nominal capital of £1,000.

An insight into its affairs as recorded with the Registrar of Companies throws light upon the whole business.

Audacious exploit

I find that Thomas paid himself £700 in shares of the limited company he founded, as a consideration for the goodwill of the Everlast concern; and that he allotted a proportion of these shares to his co-director, Percival Smith.

Although this company is now to be wound up, it has never boasted a single penny of actual cash capital.

It is in these circumstances that Thomas and Smith have opened up their latest campaigns for home-workers from Kettering and Leicester.

Their audacity in thus launching two new companies to exploit home employment schemes of a kind that have caused such heartburning in the past is amazing.

I can only hope that this warning will save other would-be home-workers from disappointment.

Bird Has Flown

RECENTLY I disclosed something of the record of Elmer Esdaile, a blatant medical quack, who pretends to cure deafness by some form of electrical treatment.

This man was in practice in Hove, Sussex, and decamped from the town suddenly, leaving a number of unsatisfied creditors and victimised patients.

Now, thanks to the splendid co-operation of my readers—who form such an important "information branch" of the JOHN BULL Investigation Department, I am able to make known Elmer Esdaile's latest field of exploitation.

He has settled himself in South Wales, at an address in Beechwood Road, Uplands, Swansea, and is calling himself "G. Cornwall-Page," or, alternatively, "Dr. Page."

There he is carrying on his old deaf cure "ramp" with the assistance of a pretty young woman, acting as a nurse.

Advertisements inserted in the local Press by Cornwall-Page are in exactly the same pretentious terms as the former advertisements of the missing Elmer Esdaile.

I have, in addition, had an opportunity of comparing the handwriting of Cornwall-Page with the writing of Elmer Esdaile on a cheque—which incidentally was not negotiable—and the two are identical.

It is possible that the creditors of Elmer Esdaile in Brighton and Hove, and other parts of the country, will be glad to know this gentleman's new alias and address.

But claimants should be quick, for without doubt he will ultimately flit from Swansea as quietly as he has done from a variety of towns.

WAR . . . *a minute army has captured his crops—so out comes the farmer's artillery to drive them off. On the right is a Ministry of Agriculture official examining potato plants for evidence of the dreaded Colorado Beetle*

THE WAR that must NE

WHEN you journey, on business or pleasure, by train or coach, through Britain's countryside, and look out upon the quiet farms and planted fields or orchards, you would hardly credit the fact that you are observing a battlefield.

Yet such is the case. The countryside is the scene of a ceaseless warfare—a warfare in which Nature is both enemy and ally, in which human knowledge organises the beneficent forces of Nature to combat those ever-lurking evils which lie in wait to destroy or contaminate the nation's food and attack the prosperity of the farmer.

The importance of this question is emphasised by the fact that the Government takes an active part in assisting the farmers in their offensive and defensive measures in this constant warfare.

Let us survey this battlefield, visiting various sectors on the front, estimating the nature and powers of the enemy, and the forces which are mustered on our side.

Among the enemy's most formidable battalions are those of the injurious insects. These have by no means yet been conquered, although some have been held at bay. Only one of these foes has been at all prominent in the news of late—a foreign invader: the Colorado Beetle, which has achieved the distinction, along with other American gangsters and "Public Enemies," of having its picture in the papers.

Attacking hosts

But there are many others among the injurious insects. Take that insatiable feeder the wireworm—probably the commonest of all root-feeders in Britain. The wireworm is the larva, or caterpillar, of the "click beetle" or "skip-jack." When he is a year old, and about a quarter of an inch long, he develops a great appetite for potato and other roots. It takes the larva about five years to become a beetle, and during all that time he is steadily dining on roots which should appear upon our dinner-tables.

The farmer's ammunition in this engagement consists of a top dressing of sulphate of ammonia. Or gas lime—four tons to the acre; or five to ten hundredweights of salt to the acre. Ammunition to fight the wireworm shock troops and save our vegetables!

Some of the enemies besiege us continually; others attack every now and then—these are the epidemic pests. The diamond-black moth—or, rather, his larva—is one of these. Every few years he makes a sudden mass attack. There is no warning. Suddenly the hostile hosts appear, and within a fortnight the crops may be ruined. And then—the insects have disappeared again, as swiftly as they came. These insects specialise in cabbages, cauliflowers, swedes, turnips and fodder kales, and they're not averse to mustard.

Only through the utmost vigilance on the part of the farmer can the diamond-black moths be repulsed. After a warm June, we are told by the Ministry of Agriculture, and in early July, while the crop is still green, the farmer must examine the under-side of the leaves, for that is where the caterpillars gather.

At the first sign of the enemy, rigorous measures must be taken. Plants must be brushed with a twig "scuffler." Paraffin can be sprinkled. Dust the plants with lime or lime and soot—and quickly! Or nicotine powder will fix them—evidently they belong to the Anti-Smoking League!

Nature also assists us in our fight sometimes. The ichneumon fly is a friend: he lays his eggs in the caterpillars and, when the little ones hatch out, they feed on their unwilling host—which puts an end to him! Other allies in the fight are lapwings and starlings, which enjoy the flavour of this caterpillar.

The chafer beetles are no help to us. Their grubs attack the roots of almost all farm crops, while the adult beetles like to strip the fruit trees of their leaves. Naphthalene is a favourite armament against these marauders. Also, if the grubs are in your ploughed land, turn the poultry on to it, also the pigs—they're fond of chafer grubs. Aviation troops upon our side in this engagement include rooks, starlings, gulls, owls, night-jars and bats. For sappers we have the moles, who never say "No" to a succulent chafer grub.

The enemies of plants are legion. There are the Bean Aphis, the Turnip Gall Weevil, the Carrot Fly, the Celery Fly, and others. Against all of these there are measures—discovered after an infinite amount of patient research and experimentation.

Artillery for maggots

Then there are the fruit-tree pests. The Apple Sawfly, for instance, whose grubs burrow into the tender fruitlet. Spray it! And the Codling Moth, which is the apple's worst enemy—you've seen the tracks of its grubs, or maggots—they always bore through the core. Tar wash on the tree trunks is one form of defence. And, again, spray! In all these actions against the fruit-tree pests we must use artillery, it seems.

How is it that the farmer knows how to resist the inroads of these pests? Just as in human warfare, so in this conflict, one must study the enemy—his strategy and methods.

In various laboratories and experimental stations, scientific workers are studying the life history and habits of these hostile insects in order to devise means of controlling them. This is the General Staff in the great warfare. Through the agency of the Ministry of Agriculture and of the various local authorities, information is supplied to the farmers. And your modern farmer realises the importance of this advice, and is eager to obtain it.

There is the famous Rothamsted Experimental Station, at Harpenden, Herts, with its special department for the study of insect pests. There is the Agricultural and Horticultural Research Station, at Long Ashton, Bristol, and the Institute of Agricultural Parasitology, at St. Albans. There is a special Potato Testing Station of the National Institute of Agricultural Botany, at Ormskirk, Lancs, and two others in Scotland. And the Ministry of Agriculture has its own Plant Pathological Laboratory.

Insects' ally

The discoveries of the scientists at these research institutes are made available to the farmer through the medium of a network of advisory centres and of local officers and inspectors. And the Ministry of Agriculture popularises them by means of free leaflets or very moderately priced publications.

But now let us turn to another sector of the front.

The insect army is ably assisted by the forces of inimical fungus growths. It is the fungus enemy which is the main menace to our cereal crops. On this sector the battle is: Fungus *versus* Bread.

The two chief enemies of our cereal crops are rust and smut.

It has been estimated that losses owing to wheat rust cost Australia from £2,000,000 to £3,000,000 annually. In 1891, German authorities stated that Prussia had lost £20,000,000 owing to attacks of wheat rust.

The rust fungus begins to form powdery pustules, or spots, on the leaves of the cereal plants in Spring, which go on spreading throughout the Summer. The fungus grows in the leaves and then breaks out in these pimples, which burst later. From them proceeds a rust-coloured powder, which is carried in the air, thus spreading the disease. It is a vicious enemy, for it can reproduce itself many times in one season, thus spreading very rapidly.

Snails also help the rust army's advance, by carrying its spores, or cells, from plant to plant. Incidentally, snails—which appear to be particularly malicious foes of man—also act as carriers of mildew.

The effect of rust is to weaken the plant, making the yield much lower. A really bad attack may completely spoil the harvest.

And—so far, at least—there is no defence, no cure! When a farmer finds rust in his wheat, he can do nothing to save it.

Are we then to submit to the depredations of the rust enemies? By no means; there are methods of outflanking him. But they are purely preventive.

For some years research institutes have been endeavouring to produce plants which are immune to the infection. There are many varieties of wheat, and by careful selection and crossing efforts have been made to develop one in which the rust disease would not "take."

And on this sector of the agricultural front a splendid victory is to be recorded. The Plant Breeding Institute of Cambridge University has bred a rust-resistant wheat. Its name is "Little Joss," and already it is being quite widely used. Other varieties produced at Cam-

WAR . . . *masked pilot and "bombers" about to launch an attack by air on a caterpillar host which threatens forest land in Prussia. The poisonous powder which is diffused from the plane quickly exterminates the pests*

VER END

aking Every Field Battlefield

bridge of equal resistant nature are Yeoman One and Yeoman Two.

And so, gradually, by means of scientific staff work and planned publicity, rust will be eventually driven from our fields, and its career of plunder ended.

Another victory—but of a different nature—is that over the other great cereal disease: smut. This fungus growth attacks the ears instead of the leaves, first appearing in the seed when it is sown. And the farmer doesn't know of its existence until the plant is in ear—and then he finds that in countless ears the grains are full of a black powder, instead of the precious kernels which go to make our bread.

Here the attack has taken the form of disinfecting the seed of the wheat in formalin. If the seed is disinfected, the smut cannot grow and spread later. This method, applied over some years, has resulted in control of the disease, and the consequent reduction in loss.

But—this is not a complete victory. For the danger is ever lurking and the relaxing of precautions would once more open the way to the spoiler.

Insects, fungus . . . what other enemies are there?

One sector in which many victories may be recorded is that of animal diseases. Under the provisions of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Acts, the Ministry of Agriculture has the task of devising and operating measures to control and eradicate these enemies.

Carrier snails

There are twelve diseases on the list of those which must be notified to local authorities. These include foot-and-mouth disease, cattle plague, sheep scab, anthrax and others.

But of these twelve some have been completely mastered by the forces of science plus vigilance and hygiene. For instance, there has been, in Britain, no outbreak of cattle plague since 1877, of sheep pox since 1850, of rabies since 1922. They are "under control," as the term is, but—they are always there, ready to attack. The price of safety is eternal vigilance!

A particularly vicious disease is fluke, a liver ailment in sheep. In the year 1920-21 it caused the death of 60,000 sheep in four counties in North Wales alone.

The scientists discovered that the fluke eggs hatch out in moisture, and the embryos swim round in ponds or ditches. Their whole future existence depends upon one thing: within twelve hours after hatching they must meet a certain tiny, brown-shelled water snail, into whose body they burrow and multiply. If they don't meet him, they die. But, if they do, they wax strong, and later leave the snail and get swallowed by sheep feeding on the grass.

Be kind to frogs

Therefore, our strategy with regard to this particular foe is—destroy the snail. Drain land, overhaul dykes, eliminate dead water, advises the Ministry of Agriculture. Spray or dust with various lethal compounds to kill the snails. Encourage frogs, wagtail, plover and ducks, who all enjoy the water-snail as a tit-bit.

Foot-and-mouth disease is caused by a virus so small that it cannot be detected by the most powerful microscope. It is highly infectious, and must be instantly reported to the authorities. The Ministry of Agriculture arms the farmer with instructions regarding the segregation of affected animals, to prevent spread, and also with hygienic measures to be always maintained.

Against certain diseases animals may be inoculated, just as we ourselves may be in the event of an epidemic. The Diseases of Animals Division of the Ministry of Agriculture consists of a Chief Veterinary Officer, a Deputy Chief Officer, seven Superintending Inspectors, thirty-one Divisional Inspectors, and sixty-one Inspectors, all co-operating with local authorities in the great battle against animal diseases.

The Ministry maintains an Institute for Research in Animal Pathology, at Addlestone, Weybridge, and research and advisory work are also being carried on in other centres. And their work is practical and available. For instance, the Ministry will advise the farmer as to recipes for sheep dips, and even supply him with diagrams for the construction of the troughs.

Arch enemy

What are the most injurious animals in Britain? The farmer will tell you they are rats, and the agricultural scientists will confirm it. They eat grain and foul it; they destroy fodder; they damage property; they act as carriers of certain diseases—human as well as animal.

Their numbers have increased, and the Ministry of Agriculture warns the farmers that they must organise systematic group attacks on the marauders.

First of all, the farmer must learn prevention: how to construct rat-proof buildings, stacks and granaries; to keep a look-out for defective drains, through which the enemy can enter; to burn refuse—rats won't stay where they can't find enough to eat.

In the war against rats there are many weapons—even gas is used in this campaign—it is up-to-date warfare with a vengeance! Under the Rats and Mice Destruction Act, some 700 local authorities have appointed whole or part-time rat officers. The Ministry of Agriculture, with its research workers and Chief Technical Adviser on Rat Destruction, stands ready to assist these local troops. Each year a National Rat Week is organised.

Grey invader

The Ministry has a film, "The Rat Menace," which it loans to local authorities, as well as lantern slides for local lecturers.

And now warnings are being issued regarding another enemy of the farmer: the grey squirrel. A new sector is developing on the agricultural front.

But there is no need for fear. Recent years have witnessed many victories of Man over his natural enemies. The score of agricultural research institutes in this country are devising ever newer and more efficient means of attack, control, extermination.

In England and Wales there are thirteen areas, each served by an Advisory Centre, thus covering the whole country. Scotland is similarly served. County agricultural officers and veterinary officers and specialist advisory officers stand ever ready to assist with expert technical advice. A growing literature, written in clear and comprehensible terms, is at the farmer's disposal.

It is now up to him to avail himself of the modern weapons placed by science at his service.

And, more and more, he is doing so. He is no longer suspicious of science and research, but recognises in it a potent ally who stands ready to assist him in the ever-waging warfare of the fields—a war in which the stake is the food of man and our agricultural prosperity, and in which science and organisation assure us the decisive victory.

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NOBBY'S
LIGHT DARK
for making ALE for making STOUT
Brewed at Home

N32

The Plot a Kind Act Foiled

As soon as I had given my word, Jones rose and beckoned me to accompany him

Nearly a THIEF!

WERE it not for a trifling, happy accident (happy, except for the person affected!) I might now be a professional crook and ex-convict, instead of the proprietor of a comfortable business, with a decent home and a family of which any man might be proud.

It happened some twenty years ago, shortly after the death of my father. We were living in a great Northern city, and conditions at home were such that I felt myself to be an encumbrance.

My father was a poor man, and suffered from ill-health, which also militated against his advancement in his work—he was a commission agent in a fairly small way. With all the will in the world to succeed, he seemed to be one of those people who are dogged by failure. My mother's family, on the other hand, were well-to-do—especially her elder brother, who owned a large and prosperous demolition business.

My mother's brother, who—because of the death of both their parents—was the head of the family, had bitterly opposed my mother's marriage to my father. He seemed to sense that my father was not of the type which succeeds, and he made no effect to conceal his opinion that my mother would be marrying "beneath her," as the phrase goes.

However, the two young people loved each other sincerely, and my mother persisted in her determination to marry the man she loved. From that day on my uncle—who was of a dour and unforgiving nature and a typical product of a harsher age—refused to have any communication with my mother.

"She has chosen her way against my advice, so let her follow it," he said, with the hard obstinacy of his Victorian upbringing.

But my mother's life was not unhappy. Despite a continual battle with poverty—my father's business being maintained precariously against ever-threatening failure—the two genuinely loved each other, and their affection compensated for much in the way of material lack.

Then my father died. I was 17 years old at the time, and had just left high school and was attending evening classes with the intention of becoming an architect. Besides myself, there were my two sisters, aged 13 and 15.

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After my father's death it was discovered that he had left us practically nothing. No one would buy the goodwill of the business, which was definitely on the down-grade. Fortunately, the house in which we lived was our own property, and my mother resolved to let some of the rooms, and to take paying guests. My older sister assisted her about the house.

As for me, my ambitions had to be renounced, and I had to seek work, in order to contribute to the household expenses. Vainly I sought work in the town. Day after day I visited offices, shops and works, but always met with refusal. I had no special qualifications beyond an interest in, and a superficial knowledge of, building.

Also, at that time, there was a trade depression in our part of the country, which lessened further my chances of obtaining employment.

In this crisis in our family affairs, my mother's thoughts turned to her brother. For some years not a word had passed between her and my uncle, although we knew of his growing prosperity and read in the local newspapers of his activities as a city councillor.

But now, for the sake of her children, my mother was endeavouring to repress her pride and to ask his help. She wrote to him, informing him of my father's death, and received in reply a formal note of condolence which, in a sense, was more wounding than no reply at all.

One day, in desperation, I resolved to seek him out myself. I went down to the wharf where the wrecking company had its offices and sent in my name. In a few minutes I was admitted to his private office.

He motioned me to a chair, and then sat silently regarding me without a smile. After a minute I began to speak, to tell him of my need for a job and to ask his assistance. I outlined the position at home, stressing our great need.

When I had finished he sat regarding me sourly for a moment.

"You look like your father," he said then.

I remained silent.

"And you probably share his incapacity to do anything thoroughly or efficiently," he added.

A wave of black resentment arose in me. In my way, I was as proud as he or my mother. I had loved my father, and my anger at the slight overcame my better judgment. I rose.

"I'm glad I look like him," I said, "and not like you—hard and sour and bullying! You don't like my looks? All right, you'll never have to see me again. I can live without your help, even if mother can't."

I left the office, without awaiting a reply. For hours I walked the streets, resentment smouldering in me. I hated to go home that evening and report my failure.

Then the thought struck me: why go home? I was only a burden upon them. Without me there would be one mouth less to feed, and they could let my room to another paying guest. In the South of England things were not so bad. There was more work—I had a better chance there. I would leave for London that day!

I still had the watch father had given me on my fifteenth birthday. I was wearing my overcoat, but it was already spring and I could dispense with it. I pawned both watch and overcoat then, and that afternoon started to tramp to London.

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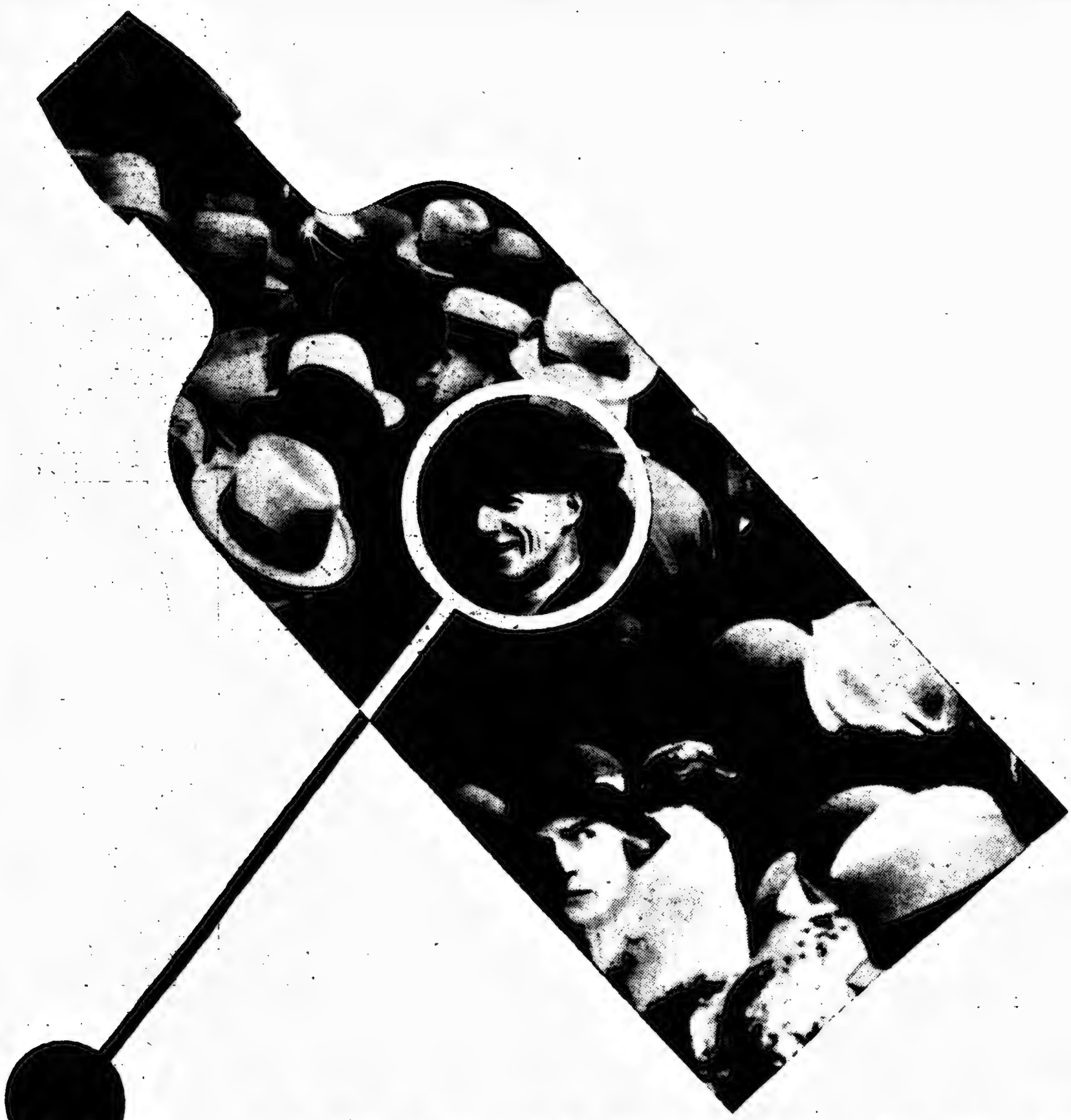
There is no need to dilate upon my varied adventures upon that long tramp. It suffices to mention that my money was soon exhausted, that, in casual ward and lodging-house, I met vagrants of every description and from them learnt various expedients by which one may secure some sort of food upon the road.

Begging and occasional odd jobs kept me going until I reached London. There I was successful in obtaining a few days' work at a market with which I paid for a bed in a lodging-house.

It was a sordid place, much frequented by professional tramps and petty criminals who made no secret of their methods of gaining a living. In fact, they boasted of their exploits with much bravado, in the dingy lodging-house kitchen, especially when inflamed by drink.

It was a most dangerous environment

(Continued on page 24)



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NEARLY A THIEF!—*Continued from page 22*

WE PLAN the ROBBERY

for one as young and impressionable as I was. I wrote to my mother from here, telling her I had good prospects of a position—a lie intended to set her mind at ease—and that I had secured respectable lodgings. And I did indeed seek earnestly for employment.

My particular circle in the lodging-house was a group of youths, some of whom, like myself, had wandered to London under the impression that here work was easily obtainable. But there were others in this company who had abandoned the desire for a job, and who lived by begging and even by petty thieving.

Unhappily, their influence was strong, owing to their boasted worldly knowledge, and some of the others were weakening under their loudly expressed scorn for those simple persons who actually wished to work for a living.

It did not occur to us to wonder why, if they found crime so profitable, they continued to live in this dirty, crowded and comfortless doss-house.

One day, one of these youths—a leader in the group, whom, for obvious reasons, I shall designate as Jones—came to me with an air of great secrecy and requested that I accompany him for a walk in the park. I felt somewhat flattered at being chosen as confidant by this seasoned buccaneer, and willingly complied.

Then, seated on a park bench and secure from interruption or eavesdropping, he proposed that I join him and another in a plan they had devised. Foolishly, I was flattered at being chosen, and pledged my word to divulge nothing of what Jones was to tell me.

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It appeared that he had a cousin in London who worked in the cashier's department of a big stores. I remembered the lad, who had been brought by Jones two or three times to the lodging-house. He had appeared to be fascinated by the company and conversation of my acquaintances.

Every Friday, Jones informed me, his cousin—we will call him Smith—used to carry about £1,000 from the bank to his firm, in order to pay the employees. Jones described to me the route he always took, and mentioned that often he would walk a few steps down a side street in order to buy cigarettes.

The actual route from the firm to the bank and back was through fairly crowded main streets. Would I agree to take part in a plan to secure the money in such a way as would make it appear that Smith had been robbed?

At first I was startled and repelled by the idea. But gradually the thought of the £300 or more which would be my share—and which would enable me to live decently until I secured work, and also to send something home on the pretext of having obtained a job—overcame my initial repulsion.

As soon as I had given my word, Jones arose and beckoned me to accompany him. We turned down another path, and soon came to a bench where Smith was awaiting us.

The two had evidently perfected their plan, for all I had to do was to listen and learn my part.

Jones and I were to wait on Friday morning for Smith to leave the stores between 10.30 and 11. We would follow him to the bank. Then Jones was to take up his position near the neighbouring underground station, carrying a fawn raincoat over his arm. Smith would enter the bank and secure the money, which was carried in an attaché case.

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As soon as Smith left the bank I was to follow him to a particular street corner. He would turn this corner to buy cigarettes at a shop some ten yards up the side street, which was off his track. This would bring us off the crowded main street. But, as he frequently had purchased cigarettes at this shop it would not appear unusual in his subsequent explanations.

As soon as he left the shop I was to push him hard, grab the bag and run up the street, then turn right and make for the underground station.

As soon as Jones saw me approach he was to dash down into the lavatory, which was very seldom used by the public. I was to follow him, and there he would hand me his raincoat, which I would immediately put on, and also we were to exchange hats. Then he was to leave the station by another entrance, while I took a train, hiding the attaché case under my raincoat.

I was to go to some remote suburb, where I was to open the bag, secure the money, and then abandon the bag and return to our lodging-house.

In the meantime, Smith was to fall to the ground, rise slowly, limp after me, as though he had hurt his leg, and—when he saw I had had a good start—begin to shout.

Such was the plot, and, in my innocence, I considered it perfect. I had no conception of the exhaustive enquiries which the police make in such circumstances—enquiries which would assuredly have brought to light Smith's connection with his cousin Jones who resided at a lodging-house of dubious reputation.

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My two months on the road and in the lodging-house must have blunted my common-sense as well as my moral sense.

We decided that neither of us should see Smith again until Friday. Our discussion in the park had taken place on the Sunday, and I have never known four days of such agonising tension since. Several times during those slow-paced, nerve-straining days I resolved to abandon the whole business, but I was ashamed to do so, and my withdrawal was rendered still more difficult by the fact that Jones insisted on paying for my bed and meals.

At last the dread morning dawned. I had slept but little that night, I can assure you! At breakfast in the lodging-house kitchen I could hardly eat, and Jones must have noted my strained appearance, for he engaged me in conversation, jesting boisterously. However, I could sense that it was forced, and guessed that he had passed as bad a night as I had.

We had resolved to leave the house separately, and I soon set off.

At 10.30 I took up my post, loitering aimlessly at the corner. Jones was sauntering on the other side of the street. The minutes dragged past.

At a quarter to eleven Smith had not appeared. It seemed to me that I must be conspicuous, loitering all this time at the one spot. Waves of panic swept over me—I had visions of a chase, of a trial and of prison. Inwardly I prayed that something might happen to prevent our attempt. And still Smith did not appear.

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Then, suddenly, I saw him. I recognised his clothes, as he hurriedly walked up the street towards me. Then my gaze became fixed. What was this? He was carrying no attaché-case. And, as he approached, I noticed that one side of his face was grotesquely swollen, and that there was a bandage around his cheek and head.

"It's all off," he breathed, and I thought I noted relief in his tones. "I've had the most awful toothache all night, and when the boss saw it just now he insisted on my going to the dentist right now.

"He was awfully decent—said he couldn't see me suffer like that—and told another fellow to go to the bank. Well, of course, I couldn't insist, it would have looked too suspicious afterwards. So it's all off, for this week at any rate."

Jones had noticed something wrong, and had crossed the street. When he heard the tale he exploded with wrathful disappointment—but here again I had a sneaking suspicion that he was not sorry the plan had miscarried.

And so back we went—Jones and I—to the lodging-house. And there, on that morning of all mornings, I found a letter from home.

And the news it contained changed the whole tenor of my life. My mother wrote to say that my uncle had called to see her and had been favourably impressed by her efforts to provide for herself and her family by receiving paying guests. He had volunteered to assist her. In fact, she hinted, he was not quite as stony-hearted as his dour manner would suggest.

And also—miracle of miracles!—he had asked after me. It seemed that he had rather appreciated my attitude of defiance and independence at our encounter in his office. I might have my father's looks, he had intimated, but I had the spirit of his side of the family. He had actually offered to take me into his business. And a money order was enclosed for my fare home!

I took the next train North, after bidding farewell to Jones and my other cronies. And, in a few days, I was working in my uncle's yards.

Twenty years have passed. My uncle—an unmarried man—has died since leaving his business to me. It has prospered, and I have married. I have a son and a daughter, both doing well at school. And I shall ever be grateful for that Heaven-sent attack of the toothache which rescued me from the perils of prison and crime.

"The Greatest of These—"

Ellen

Sudden Death

"I AM writing this letter, trusting you will kindly help me and my children in my hour of need. I have nobody to help me, and am unable to work myself. I am fifty years of age. My husband died suddenly, and it has been a terrible shock that I cannot get over. He was one of the best to me and the children. Hoping you will do your best to help me. I have received no pension yet."

That is the short appeal eleven-year-old Ellen's mother sent. And very much lies behind it.

Ellen's mother, who is not strong, lives in a basement flat. "She has been in the same house," wrote her vicar, "for fourteen years, and is well respected by all who know her." The rent is moderate, and, having four little girls, which makes it difficult to obtain rooms, she is glad to stay, though it has been flooded out five times, which probably accounts for the fact that Ellen suffers from rheumatism in knees and ankles, and a younger child has lost the use of her hand through rheumatism. She is now in hospital recovering from chorea.

* * *

The children's ex-Service father served for seventeen years in the Army. He had been out of work for six months, and was to start work a few days following the Sunday morning when, with tragic suddenness, he died whilst stooping to lace his boots.

The children's mother is, naturally, very depressed and downhearted. Pending the receipt of her widow's pension she has had to keep herself and her four little girls on 12s. 6d. a week, which has meant pawning her bedclothes and other possessions to meet her rent, and visit the child in hospital, which costs 5s. 4d.

She hopes to get work to supplement her coming pension when she is fit. "I must get work," she said, "and fight for these children."

Such donations as our readers are kind enough to send earmarked "Ellen" will give this widow courage in her fight. These, and subscriptions for the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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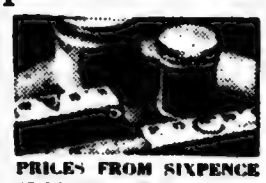

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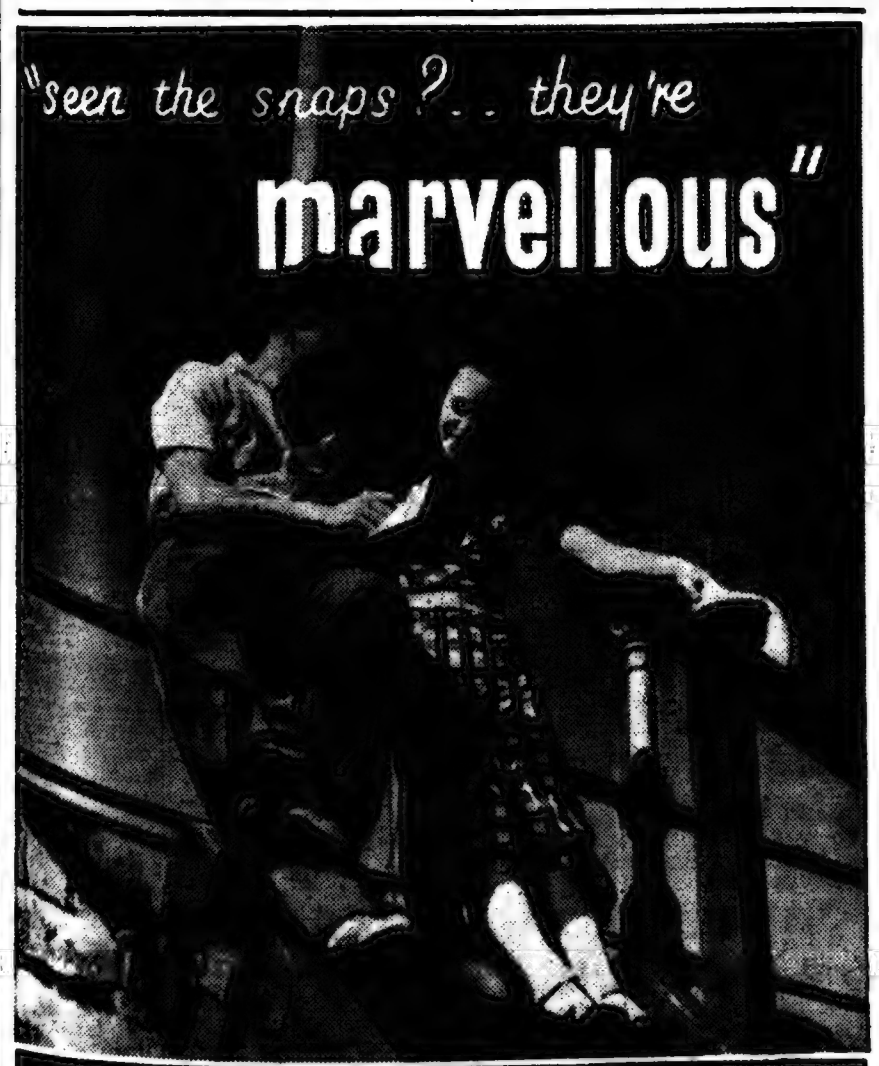

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If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

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—this is the portion of your daily diet which must be digested and finally absorbed by the intestines. This work the stomach is not intended to do and passes it on to the small intestine whose proper function it is. Here is a fact which every sufferer from indigestion should know.

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PHILIP INMAN

She has a justification for speaking—and she must speak

IT has become almost a proverb to say: "Never interfere in other people's affairs." And that advice has much to commend it. But it does not always apply. If it did, my work as Humanist would soon come to an end.

There is all the difference, however, between one who is genuinely anxious to help people in their troubles and a busybody whose advice is unsought and who simply meddles for mischief's sake. The former is a pal—the latter a pest.

There are many people, however, who, though desirous of giving advice, hesitate to do so because they feel that their kindly meant intervention would be taken the wrong way. Here is a case in point:

"A girl-friend of mine," writes this correspondent, "married some years ago. She is one of the best and has, I know, a heart of gold. Unfortunately, she believes that because she has a pretty face every man she meets falls in love with her. She lets them take her out to dances and theatres, no matter whether they are married or single, and she has many opportunities for this kind of thing because her husband is abroad in the Army.

"By her conduct she has caused trouble, I know, in a good many homes. And yet she has a sweet baby boy just over a year old and the very best of husbands, who just laughs at her follies and declares that she is really perfectly harmless.

"I, too, believe her to be a very straight girl, but I deplore the free and easy way she behaves towards men—including my husband. I don't want to spoil our friendship, but I do want to cure her of her fast ways, for I know that unless she alters she will end on the rocks."

* * *

Strange how blind some husbands can be. This one calls his wife's conduct "perfectly harmless." I can hardly believe that he is aware of the full facts. If he is, there seems little more to be said. Conscious of all that is happening, he must put up with any consequences that may ensue.

Now, nobody wishes to interfere with the happiness of any girl. And because this one is married it does not mean that she should be denied those theatres and dances which she obviously enjoys. During the time her husband is abroad it cannot be expected that she will remain imprisoned in her home.

But there is a limit which she has definitely overstepped. To "cause trouble" in the homes of other women is not only unpardonable, but it must lead sooner or later to disaster. And it is to prevent such a calamity that my correspondent seeks my advice.

It seems to me that there is only one course open to her. There is no point in her telling that husband, because he apparently knows it all. In any case, it would not be wise to do so.

Nor should she carry tales to any other relations. The most she can reasonably do is to have a frank talk with that girl-friend. She can tell her of the unenviable reputation she is acquiring. Her justification for speaking would be that as an outsider she hears what is being said.

* * *

That is the straightforward way of tackling this problem, and it could not possibly be regarded as interference. It should help to steady her friend's character without running the risk of losing her affection.

Now, here is another problem where some outside action seems necessary if serious consequences are to be avoided:

"A young man I know," writes a woman correspondent, "is very friendly with a girl whom he believes to be the daughter of the people who have brought her up. The girl herself thinks she is their child, and bears their name. But I know that she is the illegitimate daughter of a woman who has been confined for long periods in a mental home, who is at present out on leave, but has to be kept under constant medical supervision. There is a good deal of other insanity in the same family.

"I have been advised to tell this young man's people what I know. If his intentions are serious, there seems no doubt that this information should be given to him. Will you kindly advise me what I ought to do?"

"If his intentions are serious," says my correspondent. That is the first important point to settle. It may just be friendship between the two. For all we know, it may remain so and never develop into anything stronger. In that case there seems no reason for any action of any sort.

Let us suppose, however, that marriage is contemplated. What then? It seems to me that it is the duty of this girl's foster-parents to deal with the matter. All my correspondent could do would be to sound them as to what they know of their adopted daughter's antecedents. Even if they are not aware of all the circumstances, they cannot be completely ignorant of her early history. And they must be left to disclose it in their own time and in their own way.

But let us carry the problem a step further. Suppose these foster-parents know everything and yet refuse to point out to that young man the risks he will run if he marries their adopted daughter.

I think the answer to that question depends upon the relationship between this young man and my correspondent. If she is absolutely sure of her facts and knows either him or his family intimately, then I think she would be justified in revealing what she knows.

Marriage is a serious business, and in a case of this kind affects not only the two, but any children they might have. It would be grossly unfair if one of the parties should be left in ignorance upon such a vital matter.

* * *

Now, one of the worst forms of interference is where parents pry into their children's affairs long after they have grown up. Out of a great number of cases I could quote I have selected this one. It comes from a young man who is living at home with his father and mother. This is what he says:—

"I go to work every morning before the postman arrives, and when I reach home my letters bear signs of having been steamed open, read and stuck down again. When I complained about it I was told that my father does this to every letter delivered to the house, no matter to whom it is addressed.

"I see no reason why he should act in this way, as I have always been a good son to him. But he seems to take a delight in interfering with my affairs. It is useless to argue with him, and if it were not for my mother I would stop it by going to live in lodgings. If I did that, however, it would be difficult for them to make ends meet, as the family income, apart from what I earn, is only 17s. 6d. a week."

It would serve that father right if this son went to live in lodgings. That might bring this father to his senses. He, however, probably realises that love for his mother would prevent that young man from taking such a drastic step.

* * *

But one thing must be done. This unwarranted interference with those letters must be stopped. The simple solution would be for the son to have his letters addressed elsewhere. He might ask his employer's permission to have them sent to his place of business. He could explain that he leaves home before the postman arrives, or he could, if necessary, tell him in confidence the actual state of affairs at home.

I hardly think that his employer would object to a request of this kind. If he did so, the second suggestion would be to have his letters retained at the post office "until called for."

Before adopting either of these plans I think he should have a frank talk with his father.

He should point out quite firmly what he intends to do if this stupid practice continues. If that does not make the father ashamed of his conduct, it should make him realise that a grown-up son who is contributing mainly to the upkeep of the home cannot be treated as a child.

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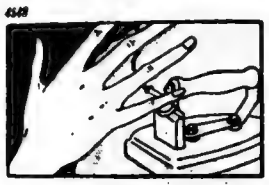
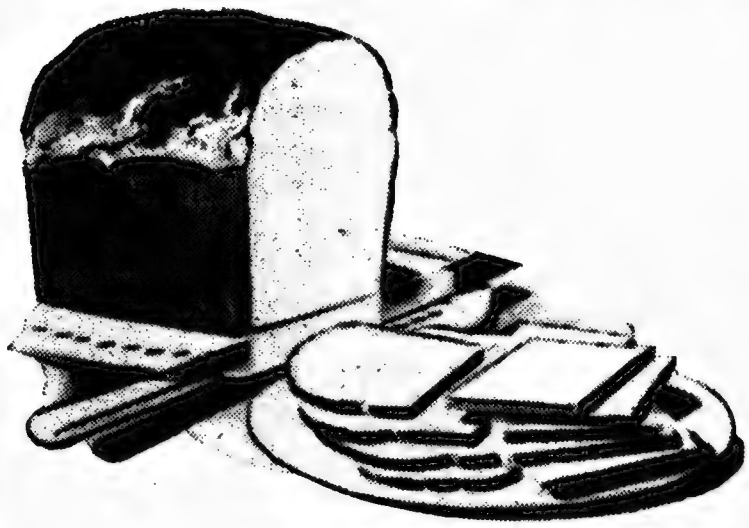


For cuts, burns and scalds, doctors use "Vaseline" Jelly because it is a perfect protection. It is used in hundreds of large hospitals. Apply it after cleansing the injury.



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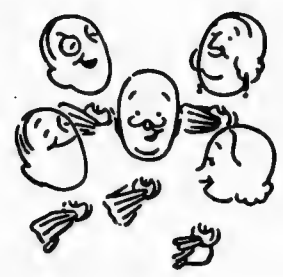
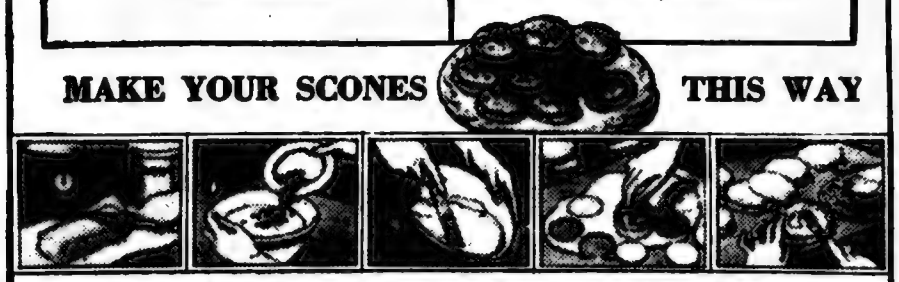


that everyone *likes*

MAKE YOUR SCONES THIS WAY



Use ½ lb. flour, 2 oz. Stork, 1 heaped teaspoonful baking powder, salt, 1 teacupful milk, 2 oz. currants.

Rub Stork into the flour, baking powder and salt. Wash the currants thoroughly and add them to the mixture.

Make the ingredients into a light dough with the milk, mixing with a knife to keep the mixture cool.

Turn on to a floured board, form into a flat round and cut up into eight pieces. Brush the tops with milk.

Bake in a quick oven 10-15 minutes. Regulo Mark 7. Split and spread with Stork. Eat hot or cold.

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IN A WEEKLY WALLET

Buy your weekly wallet on the way home.

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Sons' Book Stalls, and most Dealers stock them.

Blackmail —at the DOOR

THERE is a thunderous knocking at the door of Number 47, the widow's house. To the whole street the din is unmistakably that of the debt collector, for they have seen him there before and he has taken care that everybody within earshot shall hear his raucous voice.

Now, at last, the old widow retires with the door still open, and returns with the silver in her trembling hand. *She has given in at last.*

How are those silent spectators to know that if that poor old woman disputed the debt, that no court of law would make her pay it? The crook debt collector has blackmailed her by the sheer strength of his bellowing voice and bullying knock. . . .

It is good news that 40,000 manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers have just decided to establish a fighting fund to combat this crook fraternity.

It will be an added incentive to the Home Office, who have been considering what steps they can take against undesirable debt-collecting agencies.

Lung-power blackmail is not the only sinister trick of these people who undertake to collect debts for a fee or on commission—or buy a debt outright for a negligible fraction of its value. Although they are always ready to pay a strong-voiced assistant—a good "shouter" is now they describe them—a good wage, they know tricks worth two of that.

"The crooked debt-collector takes care that everybody within earshot shall hear his raucous voice"

There is the one which the Home Office regards as the worst of all, the use of what they themselves call the "blue frightener," a valueless document got up to resemble a summons or legal document of one kind or another.

Imprisonment threat

These documents are not only printed on the blue paper used by the police. The first words are printed in that Gothic type that suggests imminent prosecution. And the threatening talk about imprisonment or other penalties if the debt is not paid within a stated time is enough to suggest to the untrained mind that prison is still the penalty of poverty.

The law would not allow these people to go about notifying neighbours, friends and even relatives, that a certain person owes so much money, and they know it quite well. But they are not to be beaten by such small difficulties as that.

They don't merely threaten to tell. When they have the poor distracted debtor on the doorstep they tell her—and it is more often some terrified housewife than a man—that they will have to pursue enquiries in the neighbourhood to get evidence of means.

They can deny that that implies a threat, for whatever their denial is worth. But it only means one thing to the half-starved housewife who has just enough money in the house to buy food for the bairns, and was hoping to spend it on bread.

She hands over whatever she has got, sometimes when she believes that she doesn't owe the money at all.

Some of the worst of these pests even send blackcoat workers messages which state: "With a view to recovering the sum of —— by court proceedings we are anxious to verify your income or other means and purpose to call upon your employer with this in view at —— o'clock on June —— next. We shall be glad, therefore, if you will see him and make it convenient for him to see our representative at that hour."

A wise man will at once tear such a document up. It is a mere bluff, of course. County Court judges would have something to say if such a step were taken. But how many people know enough about the law to meet each new trick of these crafty people in the way it deserves and yet not make matters worse for themselves?

They have a special set of tricks for blackcoat office workers. They will ring him up at his office, always taking care to cut off, as though the operator has blundered, if they find him in. The blackcoat debtor can only think it is the debt-collecting agency that keeps calling. He fancies they are getting desperate. And so he pays up, no matter what the sacrifice entailed.

People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, according to the old adage. And people who collect debts shouldn't owe them. Yet the methods of the general run of bogus collectors are despicable.

Imagine the chagrin of a small shopkeeper who has placed in the hands of such gentry the collecting of, say, £100 of debts on finding that they have collected £95 of it and refuse to hand over a penny.

They protest . . . and then are shown the contract, with their signature added to it. Yes, it really is their signature, but they appended it before reading the terms carefully.

It says, in vague, indefinite terms, that the harassed small trader hasn't time to study, that the debt-collecting agency will hand over all the moneys obtained *when the collection has finished*. But it takes care that it never is finished. It makes no effort to get that last £5.

And that is only one of the many devices employed to keep the money in the hands of the spurious agencies.

Sometimes they withhold payment without any excuse whatever. And sometimes they appear to be honest. . . . That is, when the debt they undertake is something small, £2 or £3 or so.

They will hand over to the small trader, then, the amount due to him, less commission agreed upon. But they will follow it up with a bill for services rendered that will more than eat up the money they collected.

Unable to defend

The small trader will not fight it. They see to that. The debt collectors have paid 5s. and registered a company under the Business Names Act, taking care to give as the address of the company a small town in some inaccessible part.

To fight the case in that far-away town would involve the trader in an altogether unjustifiable expense—and so the trader pays. And if he doesn't, well judgment goes by default. And judgment is exacted in his own district!

Other tricks in scores are practised by these very undesirable gentry. In fact, many of them have little deceptions exclusive to themselves. They are, as a speaker of the National Association of Trade Protection Societies recently described them, a "criminal pest engaged in a racket which needs our careful attention."

Perhaps a fighting fund will do something to exterminate them like the rats that they are.

For their methods are blackmail, far worse blackmail than the kind that often gets seven years imprisonment for some get-rich-quick fool, yet blackmail in such a form that it is not easy to punish the perpetrators as they deserve.

The Human Machine

Let's Work Miracles!

NO one can succeed in the real sense of the word who does not possess and constantly use what psychologists call Creative Imagination.

Don't be scared by big words. It's quite simple. Creative Imagination is just that quality of brain and mind that took men out of caves and put them into houses: that put clothes on them instead of paint and skins: that brought into being ships and railways and aeroplanes: that forged kingdoms and states and political systems.

Everything in the world owes its existence to the fact that it was first an idea in somebody's mind.

By thinking and willing—backed up by action—we can do anything we like; but so many people overlook the fact that action is the final link in the chain! They think and they wish and they will—and then they're disappointed because someone else doesn't come along and hand them their desires on a gold plate!

It is quite true to say that we can get what we desire if the things we desire are those we think about—think about continuously, passionately, intensely: but it is also true to say that we shall never get them unless we follow up our thinking by equally intense, persistent action.

It is even more true, however, to say that if we use our creative imagination properly it will itself begin to generate action. It will act as a dynamo, pouring out the necessary energy to achieve the realisation of the thoughts with which it deals.

The mind is a miracle: and we can use it to perform whatever other miracles we will.

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Day after day some shoes are sent about their day's work with a rub of a cloth to brighten them up. Such scant attention shortens their life. To keep them fit, shoes need their daily polish with "Cherry Blossom," the dressing that feeds the leather and enables shoes to give of their best.

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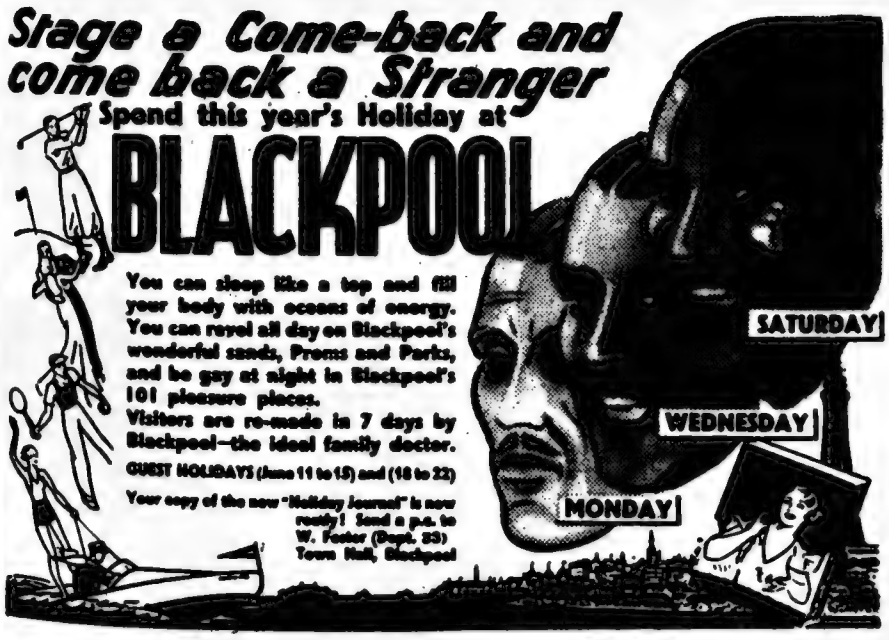

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AFTER FORTY

ARE YOU MIDDLE AGED?

The average man should be in his prime at middle life. With women the case is different, for this age is liable to bring with it anxieties and health trials. Nevertheless, many women suffer more than they need.

Actually, whether man or woman, most health troubles at middle age are due to a faulty blood supply. So if you are run-down, if your nerves are weak and you lack stamina, if you have frequent headaches and backaches, you can enjoy new health by renewing your blood.

You can easily do this by taking Dr. Williams Pink Pills, for these pills actually create new, rich blood and as this new blood flows through your veins, you will gain new energy, new strength, a keen appetite, and full vigorous health. So begin now to take

DR. WILLIAMS Brand PINK PILLS

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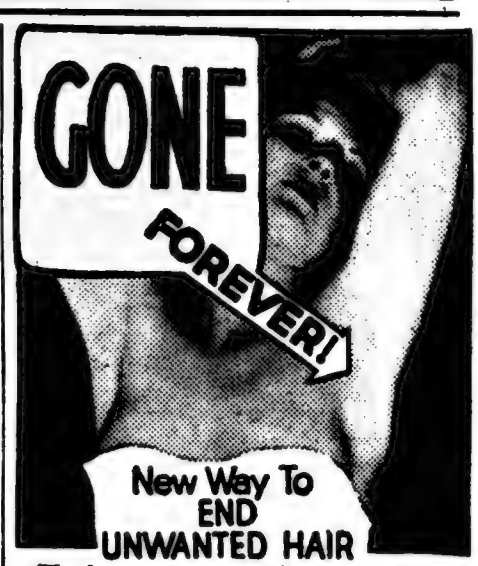

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster and thicker. The old fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweetly scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. At all chemists and hairdressers 6d. and 1/6d.

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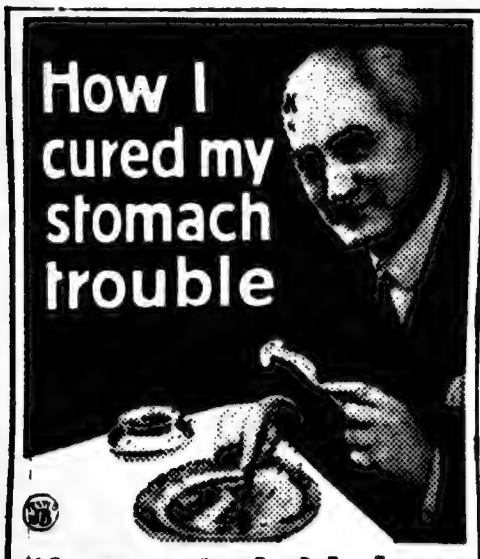

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'BISURATED' MAGNESIA
Banishes Stomach Ills

WHY HAS THE CAMEL GOT THE HUMP ?
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WE DO KNOW THAT
Sharps the word AND Sharps the Toffee
WE LIKE BEST OF ALL
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TIRED FEET

When feet are tired, burn, ache and swell, soak them in basin of warm water with tablespoonful of Condy's Fluid added. Soothes, cools, draws out pain, so that shoes can be worn in comfort. Feet are hardened, muscles braced, because Condy's in water makes *active oxygen*. Odourless, non-poisonous. Of all chemists, grocers, stores, 1/- and 1/6 bottle. **It must be Condy's.** (30)

HUNTED *by* BLOODHOUNDS . .

a Myth Exploded

AT last a really spectacular success has been achieved by bloodhounds in a real man-hunt.

When the dawn chorus of the birds was breaking across the Sussex Downs two bloodhounds, held in leash by their mistress, came to the hiding-place of the gunman, Leonard Rowland Hill, for whom the West Sussex police had been searching fruitlessly for two days after he had shot and wounded a constable.

Hill, roused by the deep-throated baying of the hounds as they caught sight of their quarry, stumbled to his feet, saw the encroaching lines of armed police, and chose the only way of escape—death by his own hand with the one remaining bullet in his gun.

In tracking him down those two bloodhounds vindicated the grim reputation of their breed. For, in spite of the popular belief that the bloodhound is infallible, this was one of the few cases on record in which bloodhounds, through their uncanny powers and instinct, have led the police straight to a hunted man.

Many times bloodhounds have been used by the police in this country when a wanted man has gone to earth, but rarely have they found him. The notion that the bloodhound, once given the true scent, always "gets its man" is a myth.

The truth is that for the hounds to have a fair chance of doing so, they must be adequately trained from puppyhood for the job of man-hunting.

The tracking instinct is more keen in these dogs than in any other breed, but that sense has to be developed by proper tuition. A bloodhound, kept only as a house guard, and never given practice as a man-hunter, is of little more use in trailing a human quarry than any other dog.

Moreover, bloodhounds, however well trained, can only track well over country. A tarred road will throw them right off their line. The fumes of petrol will negative any human scent. Thus it is that the hunt must be across field and woodland, as happened on the Sussex Downs.

* * *

Another fallacy about bloodhounds is that once they are allowed to sniff at a boot or some article of clothing they have been given a sufficient scent to search for the owner over a wide, undefined area.

They must be shown a definite line of search and placed on the track over which the person to be found has passed. Otherwise they will roam about aimlessly without any objective.

Watch a bloodhound then, and he becomes a pathetic object; deserving of sympathy, not derision. For he will realise as quickly as his owner that he is a sorry disappointment. He has been asked to do the impossible.

A bloodhound was once used as evidence in an assize court murder trial.

In the Kentish village of Ruckinge, near Ashford, a child named Ivy Godden disappeared after leaving her home on some small errand. The whole village took part in the search, and underneath some freshly turned soil in a wood the body of the child was found in a shallow grave. She had been murdered.

The police took a bloodhound to the grave. It at once began to whimper and strain at its lead. Through the wood it took up a line of scent, which finally led to the back entrance of a small bungalow in the village.

He has uncanny power, but he does not always "get his man"

Three times the dog was led to the grave. Three times he followed the self-same line to the bungalow.

It was the home of a young man named Arthur Salvage, who had been a most assiduous assistant in the search for the missing girl.

The police arrested Salvage, charged him with the murder, and he was convicted at Maidstone Assizes.

But the first suspicion the police had that he was the murderer was due to the work of the bloodhound, and thus it happened that the hound was quoted as a witness against the murderer by counsel for the prosecution.

Over the wilds of Dartmoor, after the great bell of the prison at Princetown has sounded its tocsin to warn the moorland folk that convicts have escaped, bloodhounds have twice been used in man-hunts—first when John Gasken and John Mullens broke free from their cells, and again when Gasken made a second daring escape in company with a convict named Frederick Amey.

In neither of these cases did the hounds lead to the recapture of the men, although they were helpful.

With the first escape they carried the searchers to a spot where a pair of prison boots and other articles of prison clothing worn by the convicts were found, and in the second hunt they worked across the moor for more than six hours without check along a line, which, as their recapture proved later, the prisoners must have taken.

* * *

A road with a hard surface can be an insuperable obstacle to a bloodhound in a man-hunt. This was the case two years ago, when a girl living at Ash Vale, Hampshire, was molested and attacked by a man.

Hounds were placed on the scent, and worked well over fields and commonland until they came to a place where part of the clothing stripped from the child had been hidden. They continued the trail to the edge of a highway, which is a principal road to Aldershot, and there they were completely baffled. No scent would hold on the hard surface; the "line" had gone "cold."

One remarkable achievement in tracking lies to the credit of a famous bloodhound, Champion Sam, from the same kennels as the hounds which figured in the Sussex gunman hunt.

* * *

A special test for this hound was arranged by the Chief Constable of Gloucestershire. On a frosty winter night two men were sent out to travel an unknown route across country and through woods for a distance of more than five miles. On their way they twice crossed a stream.

Next morning, nine hours later, when the frost was heavy on the ground, Champion Sam was led to the starting-point. Without deviation, he followed the direct line. The accuracy was exact, the hound might almost have been at the heels of the men he was tracing. Even at the stream he did not hesitate for long, although the scent was nine hours old, and, it was thought, had been ruined by the frost.

Sam found the house where the men were staying within two hours, and if they had been criminals instead of policemen they would have been caught and convicted.

That shows what a trained bloodhound can do over the right kind of country even in the face of extreme difficulty.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

STAR:—"The Corporation said they formerly collected the GARAGE at 10.30 a.m."

NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE:—"After a substantial dinner was attacked and BEATEN."

CLYDEBANK WEEKLY PRESS:—"An eye-witness account of the First Day's PAY in the Walker Cup Match."

DAILY MIRROR:—"Varsities' Championships—Seventeen entries for Titles at the White City NEWT Week."

LOUGHTON ADVERTISER:—"Ladies' Fashionable Handbag, in real grained HEATHER."

THE LEICESTER MERCURY:—"Inhabitants in the affected section are sleeping in the open in TENS."

SOUTHEND STANDARD:—"Her companion threw the LIFEBOAT."

COLNE AND NELSON TIMES:—"A private car . . . ran into the ROAR of the refuse waggon."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"A string of incidents followed the discovery of a cat at the top of a 50-ft. fir tree. It was being pecked by CROWDS."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:—"—— was badly shaken. FORTUNATELY BONES WERE BROKEN."

NEWS-CHRONICLE:—"The connections between the beams and the HORIZONTAL UPRIGHTS."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Superintendent ——, who is in charge of the police INJURIES."

"I see the Cap'n's signed the pledge..."
"What!"
"...that he catches the finest salmon on this coast!"

You can take Cap'n West's word—his are the finest red salmon that ever came out of the sea. Plump, prime and perfect, their glorious flavour and unequalled nutritive value are found at their best and freshest in every tin of

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON

INSIST ON THE BEST — AND BUY JOHN WEST

JW 83A-440 FELLING, STANLEY & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL AND 5 EASTCHEAP, LONDON

BULMER'S COMPETITION RESULT

The following have each been awarded a SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARD for their replies in the second Bulmer contest. Details of another Bulmer contest are announced on page 10.

Arthur Ackers, 5, Westdale View, off Sandown Lane, Wavertree, Liverpool, 15.
C. F. Allett, 36, Westwood St., Peterborough, Northants.
J. Ashton, 118, Devonshire Rd., Chorley, Lancs.
Gertrude Bartlett (Mrs.), 297, Hoe St., Walthamstow, E.17.
Wm. H. Bartlett, 8, North St., Clitheroe, Lancs.
Mrs. Grace Beer, c/o Over-Seas League, Vernon House, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1.
Alfred Benham, "Fleravale," Nutley Av., Saltdean, Brighton.
Harold B. Bimson, 148, Bowbridge Rd., Hawtonville, Newark, Notts.
Edward T. Black, 38, Commercial Rd., The Square, Bournemouth.
John F. Bridge, 74, Northbrook St., Liverpool
W. Barrass, 13, Avenue Rd., Gorleston-on-Sea, Norfolk.
Mrs. Cawley, 289, Malden Road, Cheam, Surrey.
Sgt. H. V. Chesterman, 51/52nd A.A. Bdgs., Sgts. Mess, Duke of Yorks Headquarters, Chelsea, S.W.3.
H. E. Clarke, "Reedham," Purley, Surrey.
Rose Charlton, Crookmore Farm, Henley-on-Thames.
K. Crehill, 16, Fitzwilliam St., Cambridge.
E. C. S. De Val, 97, London Rd., Enfield, Middlesex.
Mrs. W. P. Donovan, 2, Chetwynd St., Aigburth, Liverpool 17
Arthur Duncan, 1, Church St., Ross-on-Wye, Hereford.
J. Farrell, 223, Ruskin Rd., Crewe, Cheshire.
Mrs. Eva Fleming, 32, Sandmere Rd., Clapham, S.W.4.
W. Frost, 16, Preston Gardens, Willesden, N.W.10.
Miss Ann Furrell, 124, Sutherland Av., W.9.
E. Gibson, 14, Woodland Av., Goole, Yorks.
E. Greenwood, 49, Fiddlers Lane, Higher Irlam, nr. Manchester.
Mrs. M. Hancock, 58, Priory Rd., N.W.6.
W. Harrison, 74, Regent St., Church Gresley, Burton-on-Trent.
Mrs. H. C. Hillary, 46, Gawber Rd., Barnsley, Yorks.
Leonard Roy House, Charnage, Mere, Wilts.
Walter Hyman, 203, Westmount Rd., Eltham, S.E.9.
W. G. Jeffs, 3, Victoria Terrace, Bretforton, Honeybourne, Worcs.
H. Jillings, 28, Sherborne Rd., Ashley, Notts.
A. R. Johnson, 15, Bavesmbe Av., Streatham Hill, S.W.2
F. L. Johnson, 80, Byron Rd., St. Marks, Cheltenham.
Neville D. Jones, Lavender Cottage, Kelsall, Nr. Chester.
Wm. McNab, 1240, Dumbarton Rd., Glasgow, W.4.
Mrs. D. McNeil, Bonnan Loch, Eaglesham, By Glasgow.
John Mowatt, 8, Glenabellach Terr., Oban, Argyll.
Mrs. A. Powell, 83, Bedford Rd., Rock Ferry.
Harry Price, No. 1 Cottage, No. 2 Battery, Dungeness, Kent.
F. R. Priest, 33, St. Giles St., Norwich.
Edward W. Rees, Pontane House, Fishguard, S. Wales.
T. Rose, 3, Pingrove, Pontre, Rhondda, Glam.
Wm. Salisbury, 108, Bickley St., Moss Side, Manchester.
Mrs. H. Smith, 95, Queen Victoria Rd., Coventry, Warwick.
R. J. Temblett, 35, Berwick Av., Bournemouth.
J. T. Teasdale, 84, Church St., Langold, Worksop, Notts.
J. Thompson, 14, Ripley Grove, Erdington, Birmingham.
N. Wood, 8, Mount Pleasant, Waterloo, Liverpool, 22.
S. Wormald, 92, Green Lane, Hollins Green, Oldham.

WATCH FOR DETAILS OF A FURTHER OFFER BY BULMER'S — 50 SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARDS FREE

(See page 10)

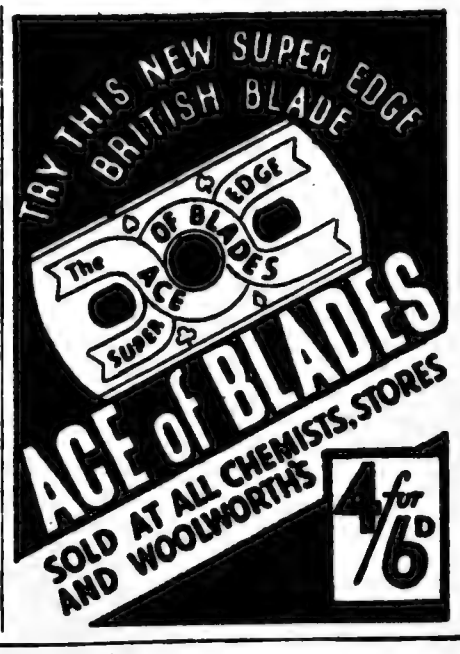
You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 33.

THE ALL-BRITISH CYCLE

SENT FOR 1/-, Packing Free, Carriage Paid, to Approved Orders. AN AMAZING OFFER! Promise 2/- fortnightly. Excellently Made for Easy Riding. Dunlop Champion Tyres, Rims, Saddle, Etc. All Complete. Free Accessories. Guaranteed 50 Years. 79/6. Worth Double. Delight or Money Back. FREE Bargain Catalogue—Ladies' & Gent's Models, Racing, Sports—Tourists, Juveniles, Etc.

PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 10 ER, **HASTINGS.**

HAY FEVER
INSTANT
Simply Marvellous
'Nostroline' relieves Hay Fever in 30 seconds. Removes irritation, ends nasal discharge, cures stuffy nostrils, dry throat, watering eyes. Safe. Sure. Defies detection. 1/3 at all Chemists. Free Sample from "Nostroline," 1.72, Clifton, Bristol.
NOSTROLINE


TRY THIS NEW SUPER EDGE BRITISH BLADE
The ACE OF BLADES SUPER EDGE
ACE of BLADES
SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS, STORES AND WOOLWORTH'S
4 for 6D

"HE had to make excuses for me—

I've got rid of my tiredness now!"

"I do want you to know how bad I was before Hall's Wine ended my tiredness. Being run down gave me 'nerves.' I looked years older than I should. One night my husband brought some friends home, but about 9 o'clock I said I didn't care what *they* did, I must go to bed.

"Next thing I heard my husband making excuses for me. 'She's tired,' he said. I was so upset I asked a nurse friend the very next day what to do, and she told me Hall's Wine was what she recommended.

THE VERY FIRST BOTTLE

"Taking Hall's Wine 3 times a day made a wonderful difference. I got back the strength I thought I'd said good-bye to for ever. I look years younger, now my nerves are better." (Mrs.) J. Burns, Belsize Crescent, London, N.W.3.

DELICIOUS TONIC
Get rid of your tiredness in **JUNE** *and enjoy the whole summer*

Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

Tiredness doesn't go by age, because many women of 55 who strengthen themselves look as young as women of 35. If you're "nervy" or weak after illness — it pays to get right. Hall's Wine is recommended by the British Analytical Control Ltd. It has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic will give you. Thousands of letters like this above prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (actual letters are open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. The price is the same everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith and Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY?

A Valuable Treatment That Ends Swelling & Pain

HAVE you never realised how much healthier and happier you would be if only your feet were easy and free from the aches, swelling and pain caused by constant standing and walking, tight shoes or chafing.

Housewives, domestic workers and shop assistants especially should take the following simple precaution each night, and they will soon know real foot comfort.

After bathing the feet in warm water, rub Zam-Buk herbal ointment in over the soles and between the toes. Zam-Buk soaks through the skin and reaches the seat of the trouble in the underlying tissues. Pain, swelling and inflammation are quickly relieved, hard growths and skin are softened by Zam-Buk, and the joints, toes and feet are soon made easy and comfortable. Start rubbing Zam-Buk in to-night!

Your own chemist sells Zam-Buk Brand Ointment at 1/3 per box or 3/- for family size, and Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap (a valuable antiseptic aid) at 1/- per cake.

FREE SOCKETTES Send the cardboard carton outside the tin of Zam-Buk and obtain a pair of our free Sockettes, stating size. These Sockettes can be worn by night to help the liberal dressing of Zam-Buk to soak in, or by day for hiking, or to ensure extra foot comfort at your work. Send for your free gift direct to Zam-Buk, Leeds, 2, and be sure to mention "John Bull," 9/6/34.

AWFUL STOMACH PAINS AFTER OPERATION.

Whatever agony you have been through from stomach trouble, even if you have tried almost everything to get relief, do not give up hope. There is one way in which you can get certain relief. Just read this letter from Mr. A. S. ....., of Scunthorpe:

"Three years ago I was operated on for appendicitis and they also removed the gall which was diseased. My doctor told me I should be troubled with bile and indigestion, and this proved right. I had awful dragging pains and was sick three times a day. As time went on I had not energy to carry on with anything. I tried everything I could think of and then I tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The very first dose gave me relief, and I can safely say it has completely cured me and I feel better now than I can ever remember."

If this were an isolated case it would be remarkable enough, but it is merely typical of the thousands of cases which prove that Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do just as much for you.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that exact name with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

RHEUMATISM

Although the cause of rheumatism in some cases is obscure, authorities are agreed that incomplete elimination of uric acid is responsible for about 90 per cent. of those attacks of rheumatism, lumbago, gout, neuritis, and other painful symptoms commonly known as "rheumatics." Therefore to obtain relief and prevent future suffering you must use a remedy which will dissolve and eliminate uric acid.

Bishop's Varalettes contain the most powerful solvents and eliminants of uric acid known to medical science.

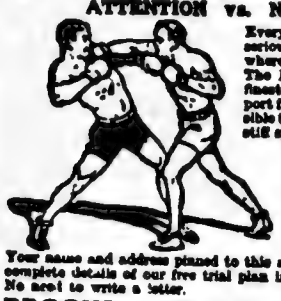
Prices: 1/6, 3/- and 7/- per bottle.

Write for Booklet containing Dietary Chart and an Offer of a 30-days' Trial Treatment.

ALFRED BISHOP, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.), 42, Spelman St., London, E.1.

A Fight Against Rupture

ATTENTION vs. NEGLECT.



Everyone should realise the seriousness of Rupture even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for Rupture that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely sanitary, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries.

Your name and address pinned to this advertisement will bring complete details of our free trial plan in plain sealed envelope. No need to write a letter.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(482B), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(492R), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Only a Railway 'Tapper'

YOU may have seen him, from the window of your train, in the morning, walking slowly along the track, a heavy hammer over his shoulder, his eyes fixed upon the roadbed.

Or you may have noticed him standing with his hammer swinging—tapping resoundingly and firmly on the metals.

He is the "lengthman," the ganger or sub-ganger of a crew of permanent way men—the men who are responsible for keeping in order the fifty thousand miles of British railway tracks.

Yet very little is known to the average person of the work and lives of these men, upon whom depends the safety of hundreds of thousands of passengers and millions of pounds' worth of valuable freight.

Permanent way men usually work in gangs of from three to seven men, but of late there has appeared a tendency to amalgamate gangs into larger groups, covering longer stretches of track, in the interests of economy.

The work of the lengthmen consists in maintaining the condition of the tracks, so that trains may run safely and smoothly. Theirs is the task of detecting faults, flaws or subsidences, and—unless the damage be so great that outside help is needed—theirs is also the job of repairing these with the utmost expedition.

And the basis of their work is that morning walk, which we have mentioned—that inspection of the tracks, which takes place every day in the year, and which may reveal dangers lurking along the line which the keen vision and prompt resource of the lengthmen successfully avert.

A *downcast air*

Every morning at 7.30, the ganger—the man in charge of a crew of permanent way men—will start off on his walk, his heavy hammer over his shoulder.

His men are at work, under the supervision of the sub-ganger, upon some job of repair or maintenance such as is continually required in the ceaseless task of keeping the tracks in first-rate condition.

Usually his morning walk will take him a couple of hours. His track mileage will be three miles—which means a walk of a mile and a half out and back on a double-track line. At the extremity of his stretch he may happen to meet the ganger of the next length, who has just arrived at the end of his daily tour; and the two will perhaps pause for a few minutes to exchange "main-line gossip."

He walks with a downcast air, necessarily, for his gaze is fixed to the track—the stretch of road-bed and metal with every inch of which he is familiar.

What is he looking for? Perhaps he is looking to see whether there are any "keys" loose, or loose bolts in the "chairs"—the metal blocks which keep the rails in place upon the sleepers. If any are loose, he must tighten them—

—*but* LIVES HANG ON *his* HAMMER

"Standing with his hammer swinging—tapping resoundingly and firmly on the metals"

and you will note the heavy hammer swinging, driving in the loosened bolt.

Suddenly he stops dead. You would have noticed nothing, but his trained eye at once perceives a sleeper slightly out of place. The road ballast needs to be re-packed beneath the sleeper, to hold it firm. There has been some slight subsidence or washing here.

Subsidence—this is an enemy for which vigilance must be exerted. And treacherous rain may wash road ballast away. In mining areas, particularly, where the whole area is honeycombed with subterranean tunnelling, a keen look-out must be maintained for subsidences.

Then again, there may be other flaws—at the "cross-overs," where switching is done from one track to another. Here the points become worn and need repairing—nowadays this is done by acetylene welding.

His red flag

Again, in hot weather rails expand. They might buckle—and you can imagine what that means! Or what it would mean, if our lengthmen were not on the job, ever vigilant in our interests. In flood-time there is danger to embankments. All this must be marked by the guardian of the track.

Even on Sunday, the ganger—or the "patrol" as he is called in the new, larger gangs—must make his two-hour walk. He will do this for fifty-one Sundays in the year—the only free one is when he is on holiday.

When he notes something seriously wrong on one of his morning walks he must act swiftly and decisively. If he discovers a subsidence which is really threatening, he must inform the nearest signal-box, whence the news is telephoned down the line. A special gang is rushed to the spot to repair the line, and, of course, all trains are held up.

Such occasions, however, are rare. It is by the instant noting and remedying of small faults that the lengthmen preserve our safety—for these small faults, if not immediately checked, would grow to dangerous stature.

Lengthmen are singularly reticent in recounting dramatic incidents in their work—such events they accept as part of the day-to-day job. And stories of averted accident might give an altogether false impression of the risks of travel on our British railways.

However, one story is told of a certain ganger, on a stretch of line along the South Coast, who noted a bank subsidence—the result of soft sandstone and flood—and knew an express was due.

The line snaked sharply in this stretch, so he would not be seen until the train was fairly close. Fortunately he discovered a piece of telegraph wire alongside the track—left probably by repairing linesmen—and planted it a couple of hundred yards up the line, in the centre of the track, with his bright bandanna neckerchief attached to it, while he stood round the next bend with his red flag in hand. And the train was saved.

These, then, are the men who make our railway travelling safe. Altogether—gangers, sub-gangers, lengthmen and relayers—there are about 50,000 of these Safety-men of the Permanent Way. They live near the track—some of them—in the little railway cottages which you see from your train window, with their patches of flowers or vegetables.

However, with the amalgamation of gangs, and the drafting of men from one area to another, new problems have arisen, and now many are forced to seek accommodation in the towns — frequently at some distance from their work.

Yet, with all this responsibility upon his shoulders, the lengthman is not paid a princely sum. He gets 41s. a week in rural areas, or 44s. in the industrial areas. The ganger earns 48s. in rural areas, rising to 65s. at the London termini—the highest paid rates.

Walking on . . .

They work from 7.30 until five o'clock and on Saturdays until noon. They work with a look-out man to warn them of approaching trains, yet tragedies have happened. The appointment of a look-out man has sometimes been ignored in the pressure of work. And two or three men have been mown down.

According to the rules, the look-out man is compulsory. Both the company and the men should discountenance any infraction of this rule, in any circumstances.

In all weathers he walks the line—the guardian of our safety. Under the blazing sun, or in storm or snow. His trust is the metal track along which valuable lives and precious freights must pass.

And, for a bare living alone, he fulfils his trust, and his faithful acceptance of his responsibilities has made British railway travel the safest in the world.

2,555 NOT OUT

No, this is not a cricket score, but just one of many wonderful innings put up by a JOHN BULL Fountain Pen. It's owner writes: "I am writing this with a JOHN BULL Pen. It has done yeoman service for seven years and is still going strong."

How's that for service? Seven years . . . 2,555 days, and still not out. Get one of these famous JOHN BULL Fountain Pens for yourself. You can do so, and at the same time save money by cashing JOHN BULL Pen Coupons. Turn to page 2 right away.

NEW FACE POWDER FASHION

TAKES PARIS BY STORM

The Season's Sensation

Paris

The latest fashion adopted by smart French women is a face powder which gives a perfect 'matt' complexion free from shine all day long, even when out in wind and rain.

This latest development in face powders is due to a new ingredient called 'Mousse of Cream'. Now Tokalon has patented the Mousse of Cream process. Thus Poudre Tokalon now offers you the advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the fortunate few who do not care how much they pay for their powder.

Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the rose petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse of Cream' secret. Only 6d. and 1/- a box, in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse of Cream' process.

Castols

The safe, pleasant aperient for children and adults, approved by 24 years' experience. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary. Not habit-forming. Everybody needs a laxative occasionally—and everybody likes Castols. You will find them really good.

One Castol (three sections) is a dose for an adult. One or two sections for children according to age.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT—
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Burning, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex Brand Tablets. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean and heal raw, sore Kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts cleaning disease poisons from the blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylord, Timothy White's and all chemists, or Williams, 81 K, Lamb's Conduit-st., London, W.C.1.

This Curve is a Danger to your very life

British Patent No. 279477.

BEWARE of the bulging waistcoat. The menace of obesity or distended abdominal organs is a real one. Once fatty infiltration starts all your vital organs are endangered. Heart, liver, kidneys and the entire digestive system suffer. The longer you let it go, the harder it is to correct. Sagging viscera put undue pressure on the lower abdominal cavity, causing many dangerous troubles. You can take less exercise. A vicious circle is started which may shorten your life.

Act Now. Begin wearing a Linia Belt to-day. Its action is corrective. It supports the weakened abdominal musculature, restores distended organs to the correct position, and prevents the formation of fat. Wear a Linia Belt and regain the slim taut line of athletic youth.

Write for our free illustrated booklet, "The Danger Curve."

YOU CAN ORDER BY POST

We will fit you personally if you are able to call; but we can also fit you if you will send us by post your maximum girth measurement and the depth of belt required in front (usually 9 or 10 inches).

The price of the Linia Belt, Standard Model, is 35/- (with Jock Strap 42/-. Popular Model 3½ gns., black 4 gns.) C.O.D. 1/- extra.

Money returned if dissatisfied.

On Sale only at J. N. ROUSSEL, 173 Regent St., W.1

Telephone: Regent 7570.

MANCHESTER: 8 King Street. BIRMINGHAM: 14 New Street.

(L47)

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for the GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

BELGRAVE Tailor-made Coat produced in a fine All Wool Bedford Cord, and designed with new built-up padded shoulders. Smartly cut collar, bold revers, jetted pockets, and fashionable sleeves. The garment is splendidly balanced, and lined with Art. Silk Satin to tone. Supplied in Grey, New Brown, Navy, and Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38in. Lengths: 44 to 5 in. **47/6**
Terms: 6/6 Monthly.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Frocks, Furs, Underwear, Coats, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with self measurement form and all particulars will be sent you per return.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

6/6 Monthly

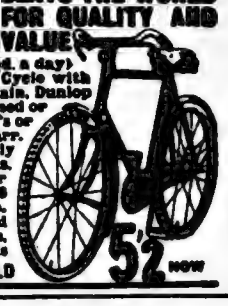
STOP ASTHMA OR HAY-FEVER TORTURE!

GUARANTEED MONEY-BACK RELIEF.

ZONOL is a Harley Street doctor's discovery for instant relief even in the worst cases of asthma or hay fever. ZONOL will banish your racking cough and relieve your heart. Should ZONOL fail, your money will be refunded in full. In tablet form, 3/- per bottle or 5/- double quantity. Send P.O. to-day to:—

ZONOL PRODUCTS CO., DEPT. J.B.4, 52, Mortimer Street, LONDON, W.1.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



6/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 6/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/2 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

YOUR SKIN AND YOUR SCALP

Have done with Psoriasis.

As the result of years of research and practical experience, a splendid Treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are indeed most gratifying.

Stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years rapidly yield to this grand Treatment. Those Psoriasis spots and patches on the arms, legs and body which cause you such despair soon fade away, and instead you get a new, clean, healthy skin, same as you used to have.

The scurf and inflamed pimples and matted scales on your head quickly subside, and a beautifully clear scalp with healthy hair growth is your reward.

The Treatment is easy to use and brings remarkable and gratifying results. No matter what else has failed you, this Treatment will give you full satisfaction.

Write to-day for a most interesting illustrated publication which gives full particulars of this splendid Treatment, and is sent free to sufferers.

Address your letter to Superintendent

NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE
(Ward S.O.)
Great Clowes St., Broughton, Manchester.

Thick, Strong Wavy New Hair

Co. KILKENNY

Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.

M. J. MURPHY.

Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street (63 A.H.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Another
50 Solid Silver Cider TANKARDS FREE!

Unique Offer repeated!

Write on a postcard what, in your opinion, is the best description for Bulmer's Woodpecker Cider. For the best replies 50 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. Mention "John Bull" when sending your Entry, and address H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd. (Dept. C2), Cider Makers, Hereford. Entries must be sent in by June 19. See page 10.

MAKE THE MOST OF SUMMER DAYS

We get so little sunshine as a rule that we ought to make the most of it. But to get the full benefit and build up reserves for the winter you've got to be fit to start with. Otherwise you do harm by getting over-tired.

So if you've got a holiday coming, start getting fit now. And this is the simplest, safest, pleasantest way to do it. Just take three glasses of Wincarnis a day; the first thing you notice will be how much better you sleep. The very first night you'll sleep more soundly than you have for months. You will wake refreshed and reinvigorated.

Then you'll find yourself getting stronger and stronger. You will tire less easily, have more zest for work and play, be more alert, more determined.

Remember, Wincarnis is not a drug or a medicine. It is simply the purest of wine with the great added advantage of the highest grade beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. Try Wincarnis to-day.

PILES CURED IN A FEW DAYS

NO MESSY OINTMENTS.
NO DRUGS, NO PURGATIVES.
NO INJURIOUS INSTRUMENTS.

Sit in comfort! Sleep peacefully! Enjoy life! Cure painful piles with this remedy which can claim many successful results. It brings you real relief. 'Pennant' Pile Cure was discovered 200 years ago, but has been a family secret till recently.

Made up in easily-swallowed pills which stimulate the circulation, correct functional derangement and help Nature to remove the trouble.

Suffer no longer! Pennant Pile Cure acts quickly, cleanly, easily.

Write for box NOW, sending postal order value 3/3 (3/- per box, postage 3d.) or send for FREE BOOKLET giving full details of Cause, Complaint and Cure.

The Pennant Chemical Products Co.,
5, Medical Hall, PENYGROES, North Wales

GREAT FREE! OFFER of BOWLS 120 PAIRS GIVEN AWAY

Write for details.
E. J. RILEY Ltd.,
Dale Works, Accrington.

Φ4

LONG ODDS NOW FOR THE HUNT CUP

Send now for our FUTURE EVENTS PRICE LIST.

Best Prices offered consistent with our guarantee of payment in full up to any amount.

1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/- up to any amount may be invested by LETTER

In accordance with rules.

EVERY COMMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED WITH STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp up to the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Tote Returns as desired.

Registered letters must be posted overnight.

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE.
WINNINGS BY RETURN.

10 agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

One SIGHT I'll *Never Forget*

IT was midnight in September, 1916, and a zeppelin was overhead, caught by our searchlights. Suddenly it was lost to view and a few minutes later it seemed the whole world was on fire.

The giant airship was descending, a mass of flames, and I cheered myself hoarse, knowing it could do no further harm.

Next morning I went to see the wreck. A mass of twisted metal and a row of human beings on the ground charred beyond recognition were all that was left.

Our enemies, but brave men who died for their country. I shall never forget that sight!—*F. H., Walthamstow.*

Turned Loose

The sight I shall never forget was when a train-load of young urchins from the London slums was suddenly let loose in the country.

To see their eager young faces, filled with awe, when they realised that here were flowers they could pick, grass they could romp and play on, and trees they could climb, made me realise more fully the horror of the conditions under which they lived.—*Mrs. W., Bromley.*

Saved . . .

Just a smudge of smoke on the horizon; but a sight I shall never forget. Our ship had been torpedoed in mid-Atlantic, and although our operator had managed to wireless an "S O S" before we sunk, four hours in the water had effectively dashed all rescue hopes of the few survivors.

Then that wisp of smoke gave us new hope and helped us to keep afloat until it materialised into a ship which picked us up and bore us to safety.—*A. J., Purley.*

Smouldering Ruins

My employer had worked hard all his life to make his business a success, and since the loss of his wife it had become almost an obsession with him.

One morning I arrived to find the workshop and offices gutted by fire—and the insurance policy had lapsed.

The picture of the "guv'nor" sitting on one of the few salved cases of goods, gazing bitterly at the smouldering ruins of his dreams, is one I shall not easily forget.—"*Employee,*" *London, E.1.*

A typical circus act

Gymnast's Memory

As a retired circus gymnast I re-live many scenes from world tours, but there is one picture that is as clear as it is fraught with sad memories.

To see a close friend fall from the high trapeze to instant death in the sawdust ring below is to sear the mind with a lasting impression of sorrow.

The picture of that broken body surrounded by colleagues in circus costume while a doctor from the audience slowly shook his head will be with me always.—"*Aerial,*" *Glasgow.*

Fiery Hand

A tramp steamer homeward bound from San Francisco was ploughing its way down the coast of Salvador. It was 2 a.m., dark, and I was on the bridge.

Suddenly a huge flaming hand with four fiery fingers shot up into the sky away on our port bow. I immediately called the skipper, and together we watched a sight I shall never forget. It was the volcano "Izalco" in eruption.—*T. W., Winsford.*

Parted

The woman had stolen food and clothes for her child, and as a result stood before stern-faced magistrates.

The Chairman of the Bench made a note of the sentence, and at a wave of his hand the mother, herself half-starved, was led dazed out of court.

But the look on her five-year-old child's face, as with outstretched arms and tear-dimmed eyes it watched its mother driven away in the police van, was a sight I shall never forget.—"*Reformer,*" *Kent.*

No Wiser Way?

In the dawn of a winter's morning I crept to a bedroom window. Across the square was a group of people, some standing, some kneeling. A clock boomed the hour.

Immediately after, two men picked up a woman, put her in a cab; whilst others pushed forward to read a notice just fixed to a steel-studded door.

Up to then I'd felt that "A life for a life" seemed a just and wise law, but, having seen a back-view of the grim and ghastly business, I wonder if there is no better and wiser way of avenging murder.—*Mrs. F. D. W., Nottingham.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 12.

When I Wished I'd Never Been Born

Sorrowful Look . . .

He was shot at sunrise—a lad barely eighteen years of age. He deserted, simply because he was human and could not shoot down his fellow-men. He realised the sacredness of human life, we thought more of "our King and Country."

I was one of the firing squad. Never shall I forget that sorrowful and pitying look on his face as he bravely met his death.

Not pity for himself but for us—civilised and Christian people whose misguided patriotism led us to forget all our Christian doctrines whilst we slaughtered our fellow-men.—"*Disillusioned,*" *Barrow.*

Tribute

My father was a dustman. Although quiet, he radiated happiness, and because he was always smiling was called "Sunshine" Jack.

He died at an early age, and when the day of his funeral dawned, evidence of the number of friends he had was shown by the profusion of flowers.

But the sight I'll never forget was the hundreds of people of all classes who lined the streets to the cemetery to pay a last respect to the memory of "Sunshine" Jack, the dustman.—*D. F., Bath.*

Insects' Onslaught

"And there shall be a plague of locusts which shall destroy every green thing." As a child, when I read this prophecy in the Bible I found it hard to visualise such an occurrence, but I had not then been to Africa!

Some years ago I witnessed the onslaught by these insects on several acres of growing crops. The light of the sun was blotted out by the swarm.

When they had finally dispersed there was literally not a blade of grass or any green thing to be seen.—*T. L., Lade.*

Mother's Face

As a young boy I met with an accident which deprived me of the sight of one eye. A year later the sight of my sound eye began to fail, and after another six months darkness closed over me.

I was taken from one specialist to another by a mother who would gladly have given the sight of her own eyes to restore that of her only child.

Finally an operation was performed, and after three weeks the bandages were removed in a partly darkened room.

Out of the gloom something suddenly appeared before me. It was the anxious, watching face of my mother, which I had not seen for over six years.—*D. L. M., Brentford.*

* * *

I was once conducted over the works of an old-established surgical boot manufacturers. I saw hundreds of lasts of maimed feet, and I left thankful that my feet were normal.—*F. P., N.4.*

Touching the King's wreath at the Cenotaph were two simple cottage flowers bunched with chocolate-box ribbon, and attached to an ordinary postcard with the words, shakily written, "To My Boy—Mother."—*D. M., (Walton).*

The moon was shining brightly—the houses standing in the water had the appearance of a dolls' town illuminated. The floating gondolas added another touch to this picturesque scene. It was Venice.—*Miss A., Newington.*

My first visit to a slum tenement, with its appalling wretchedness and stark poverty. To me a heart-breaking sight and one which I shall never forget.—"*Church Worker,*" *Northumberland.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

ASCOT'S Gold Cup

THIS year's Ascot Gold Cup promises to be one of the finest international races for many a year. At the moment I am not able to estimate the exact size of the field, but Mate will represent U.S.A., Thor II will do duty for France, Crapom runs for Italy, and Hyperion will be one of the English cracks!

Four champions!

I expect Hyperion will be favourite, but he will have a hard nut to crack in the Italian star, Crapom.

Crapom proved his worth in France and Belgium last year. I understand that he has retained his form well and, although beaten in Rome recently, there was good reason for his defeat, for he was struck into and suffered a cut tendon.

The Gold Cup has been in existence since 1807 and it has gone to a Derby winner eleven times. This is poor, when it is realised that most winners of the Blue Riband have a cut at the race as four-year-olds. However, my money will be on Hyperion

I have been asked on numerous occasions why year after year so many odds-on favourites fail at Ascot. It is not a difficult question to answer. At most meetings the races go to the swift, but, at the Royal venue, they go also to the strong, for, here, stamina is just as important as speed.

Kempton follows on Epsom with a one-day meeting, but I trust it will not be a question of "having to get out."

The best bets on the card may be Sparkle, in the Windsor Castle Plate, and Effaceable, in the New Stand Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 7, to Wednesday, June 13:—

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O
K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GZKD9498JS would read FLAMENCO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96898 would read WELLINGTON.

Mother! Don't hesitate. If your child's tongue is coated and the appetite poor, give a safe and dependable Liquid Laxative.

A child needs a regular weekly laxative to keep the bowels healthily active and the system cleansed from dangerous impurities.

You can't afford to take chances when the health and future happiness of your children are at stake. The choice of their laxative is all important. Therefore, give a weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—the safe fruit laxative, which has enjoyed for so many years the whole-hearted support of doctors and nurses.

The children will enjoy its delicious fruit flavour and will remind you on Saturday night.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists, 1/3 & 2/6. Be sure to emphasize the word 'California' when buying and no mistake will be made.

"California Syrup of Figs"
NATURES OWN LAXATIVE

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 22in. Racing Ends. 9-inch release Wing Nuts. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Dunlop Endrick Rims. Month Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Calipers Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Rod. Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £6.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogues Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

Supplied Unpaint, but Black or Enamel as desired.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

SPRATTS CROONERISMS . . . . . No. 6

"My song goes round the world"

Throughout the whole world Spratt's Seed Mixtures are known for perfection. Wherever rich, powerful song and beautiful plumage proclaim the canary in ideal condition look with confidence for the clean, polished, entirely dust-free seeds from the familiar Spratt's packet. They have no equal for promoting cage-bird beauty, health and song.

SPRATT'S

EGG, FRUIT and SEED CANARY MIXTURE

IN ORIGINAL 3d., 6d. and 1/- PACKETS ONLY

Obtainable from 30,000 dealers who also supply Spratt's Mixed Bird Seeds, Spratt's Sing Song (tonic and pick-me-up), Spratt's Song Restorer, and Spratt's Cod Liver Oil Cage Bird Food. Write for free booklet on Cage Bird Management.

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 58, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

£1,050 Won in Crossword Competition
No. 260.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following nine competitors, who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £94 8s. 11d. will be sent:

Mrs. A. Avery, 2, Hengaston Street, Bedminster, Bristol.
Miss B. Bailey, 20, Cockell Road, Penwortham, Preston.
A. Chandler, 4, High Street, Easton, Bristol.
Mrs. E. Davies, 249, Dunlop Street, Carbrook, Sheffield.
E. Elwell, Archfield House, Little Thornton, Blackpool.
C. Humphries, 29, Barbican Road, York.
V. Reed, 9, Beech Terrace, Ebbw Vale, Mon.
A. Reynolds, 59, Woodborough Road, Nottingham.
G. A. White, 4, Russell Rise, Luton, Beds.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 19th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 109 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 18s. 5d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above cash awards, each of the 109 competitors sharing the Runners-up Prize will receive a Bonus Award value £2—a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our contest.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 258.—Twenty-eight competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £3-11-6 have been dispatched.

Another splendid Crossword with a first prize of a Life Pension of £6 a month and £500 Cash, together with Prizes for Runners-up, appears on page 34. Try your skill now!

Famous Hollywood Beauty Surgeon TELLS HOW TO GET RID OF WRINKLES

"There are only two ways to remove wrinkles," says an internationally famous plastic surgeon and skin specialist to whom American cinema stars go with their beauty problems. "One way is by means of the knife, the other by the application of a vital substance called "Biocel" extracted from young animals by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. For professional reasons I have heretofore refrained from recommending cosmetics, but after looking into tests made with Biocel at the University of Vienna Medical School, *I feel it my duty* to recommend the new Tokalon "Biocel" Skinfood." (In the Vienna tests with Biocel on women from 55 to 72 years of age, wrinkles disappeared in six weeks' time).

Genuine Biocel, obtained direct from Vienna, is now combined with new Tokalon Biocel Skinfood. Try this marvellous rejuvenating cream. See your skin come back to life in a single night — watch wrinkles go in a month—know the joy of looking radiantly young again. Applied in the morning, new Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) is tonic and astringent, nourishes and whitens your skin, wipes out blackheads, closes enlarged pores, makes face powder invisible and adherent. Success guaranteed in every case or money refunded.

TEST MATCHES... BUT EAT NUTTALLS MINTOES 4d PER OZ

For Flavour they're MATCHLESS!

"NO ONE CAN THINK I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE LAVATORY NOW"

"ONCE I DID THIS—till at last I realised that the old-fashioned brush couldn't even reach the bend in the pipe as Harpic does, so it couldn't possibly be cleaning the lavatory-pan properly, however much I scrubbed."

"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic cleans and disinfects the lavatory-pan thoroughly for me in a single, easy operation, and completely *removes the cause* of odours. Harpic safeguards health."

"HARPIC KILLS GERMS by its strong, safe disinfectant action and leaves the lavatory-pan clean, white and sanitary without dangerous acids—and without any of the old unpleasant and unhealthy scrubbing."

HARPIC—CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON **—HARPIC**

FOLLOW HIM *into the* PRIZE-LIST!

"My advice to other competitors is this:—
(1) Have faith in the Competition.
(2) Have faith in yourself.
(3) Study the Clues and endeavour to tune in to the Compiler's brain-length."

These hints come from Mr. C. Watson, 6, Quadrant West, Hillfields Park, Bristol, winner of over £166 in our contest.

HUGE 2-IN-1 PRIZE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE... AND £600

OR ONE HUGE PRIZE OF £850

£100 Between all Runners-up

BONUS AWARD a Season Ticket providing 80 free 6d. entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up. VALUE £2

Extra £100 between Runners-up from whom we receive five 6d. entries in the same envelope.

263

THE longest day of this year can be the greatest day in your life if you enter for this week's Contest. On Thursday, June 21, a telegram from "John Bull" may announce you the winner of £600 cash, followed by a Life Pension of £6 every month.

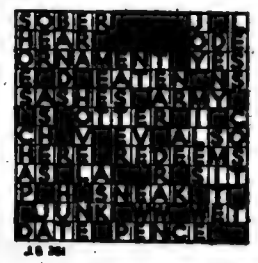
Assuming that you are 40 or younger and live to 70, that prize would bring you cash payments from "John Bull" totalling not less than £2,750!

Settle down this evening for an amusing hour with this week's entertaining Clues. Our Compiler, you will find, is an ingenious fellow with a keen sense of humour which bubbles over into his puzzles. So solving them becomes an exciting test of his skill *versus* yours—not a matter of floundering through a pile of dictionaries, but a few absorbing little arguments with yourself!

Wise competitors always look beyond the First Prize in a Crossword Offer—and "John Bull's" £200 in cash for Runners-up, to be divided as announced above, should strengthen your determination to score in this Contest. And notice that a Season Ticket, conferring the privilege of 80 Free Entries, will be sent as a special Bonus to every Runner-up.

Start filling up those squares this evening and see that your entry is posted in time to reach us by noon, Thursday, June 14.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Season Ticket providing Eighty Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 21, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 28.



Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word 261

Winners in 260 on page 35. Result of 261 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 261 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

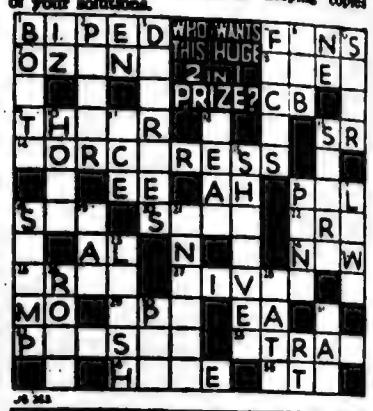
1. It walks on two feet
4. Flat, marshy country
7. It's in the seaside air
8. Incite by encouragement
9. Belonging to them
14. Witch
16. Boon companion
18. Radio receiver
20. Position of proposed building
22. Series of years
24. Doesn't describe Dad's jokes
25. Press earnestly
27. Game played with ball against wall
29. Largest monkey
32. They make crowd shout during football match
33. You may clutch at this if you're going down
34. What love sometimes turns to
35. You'd grunt, too, if you lived in one

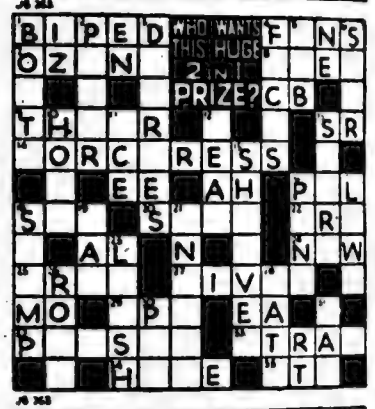
DOWN

1. Dirty weather finds out their weak points
2. Greets Henpeck on arriving home late
3. There are more in June than September
4. Scotland Yard's record of these is invaluable
5. It follows the flood tide
6. What playwright's work often makes
10. Crazy actions may put you in one
11. Frozen water
12. Extra is wanted for Sunday's dinner
13. Tells you that you've put your foot in it
15. There'll be trouble if these are damp
16. Are used to fill up coupons
17. Should be laid down with great care
18. Makes it hard to get along
19. A tie-on label
21. What insects do
23. Hound is held on this
26. Develops as traffic grows
28. Consumes
30. It grows in a pod
31. Skilled worker gets more in

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.





"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 263—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1934

JB 263

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland eligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

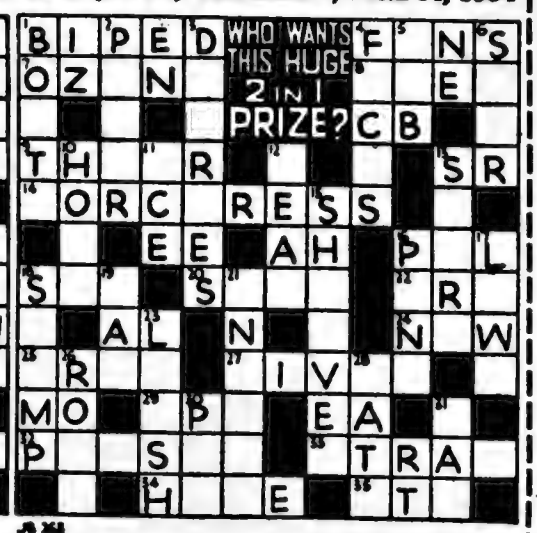
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 263—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1934



JB 263

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/-. See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 263, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, June 14, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 28, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 10, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

FREE HELP

with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette.** Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

The Editor Laughs Last

Gladys (Chesterton).—"Dad says he will sit on my boy if he comes here again." Does he think you can't do it properly?

ASINATH (London).—"I recommend tomatoes for the skin." But we prefer the insides.

H. M. (Chicago).—"You English cannot see a joke." We must wait for television.

PHILOSOPHER (St. Ives).—"I have a young body but an old head." You are aged in the wood?

ALEX J. (Dundee).—"The modern boy can face a spanking." Nonsense! No boy faces a spanking.

R. M. (Iver).—"There are many publications relating to poultry keeping." The lay press.

G. B. (Bournemouth).—"My boarders keep me as busy as the proverbial bee." And then get stung in exchange.

MRS. S. (Balham).—"A good imitation pearl necklace can be had for about five shillings." Crown jewels?

WRITER (Hampstead).—"I want to hold the position which Edgar Wallace once held." A novel ambition.

BEGINNER (Newbury).—"What is the most important thing wanted when starting a new business?" Customers.

ALGERNON T. (Dewsbury).—"You ought to see my fine country seat." Some stiles are attractive, aren't they?

MEDICO (Harrow Weald).—"I should advise you not to inhale cigarettes." That's all right, we only inhale the smoke.

L. R. (Mansfield).—"Circus dwarfs often deliberately stunt their growth for the sake of notoriety." A sort of publicity stunt.

R. T. (Taunton).—"Some of these nudists are pretty wealthy and own expensive cars." And do they strip their gears?

FOOL (Uxbridge).—"All the people in a position to judge with whom I have talked are unanimous in saying——" That you are a bore?

G. E. (Brighton).—"When learning to drive a car the first thing is to assume that everybody is a fool." And the first thing you learn is that you are likewise.

BUSINESS EXPERT (Dalston).—"All the big business houses to-day use adding machines." They are the things that count.

A. P. (Ely).—"The rope which a boy is supposed to climb in the Indian rope trick is nothing but a bamboo." So spectators are bamboozled?

GROCER (Surbiton).—"Any trader to be successful must give good value for money." At the same time making sure the money is good, too.

R. S. (I. O. W.).—"I mutter to myself all the time I am writing." What a coincidence! That's exactly what we did all the time we were reading your letter.

MRS. J. L. (King's Lynn).—"I was disgusted to find my husband and the best man playing cards just after my wedding." Did the best man win?

D. G. (Bury).—"A certain south coast resort employs a cartoonist to sketch holidaymakers at so much a time." That's one way to draw visitors.

ANXIOUS (Truro).—"I am curious to know why my wife stares at me strangely whenever I awaken from sleep?" Do you talk in your sleep?

G. M. (Edgware).—"At Barnet a cat remained on the top of a tree for three days." This sort of thing seriously retards the building programme of local boards.

MAC (Montrose).—"I've been to a film all about a famous Scotsman who tried, and tried again." But Henry VIII was not a Scotsman.

W. P. (Lee).—"I was so overcome by fatigue after a day's hard work in my front garden that I had to lean against the hedge for support." You rested on your laurels.

POET (Luton).—"Editors are very sentimental." They are often full of regrets.

H. A. (Sheppey).—"My wife is spending too much on cultivating her voice." And you are growing wild?

C. R. (Oxford).—"He spoke without a note." That's better than singing without one.

D. H. (Hammersmith).—"The musician who lives above me is always quarrelling with his wife." Trouble in A flat.

D. H. (Perth).—"The angler told the moving tale in a very impressive manner." Had he a catch in his voice?

HUBBY (Portslade).—"I wasn't much more than a boy when I got married." Did it make a man of you?

B. B. (Burnley).—"My wife often inflames me and sends me into a burning temper." She's your match.

POET (Maidstone).—"It's the kind of place that gets hold of a man's body in the end." A cemetery?

BACHELOR (Kensington).—"Badly repaired socks may raise foot irritation." And be a darned nuisance.

WINNIE (Keston).—"He swore to me he wouldn't shave, but he did." Then he told you a barefaced lie.

ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

M. K. (Streatham).—"Why are inscriptions on ancient tombstones always in Latin?" Because it's a dead language.

JACK (Manchester).—"I'm proposing to a girl; if she rejects me, what do I say?" "I don't quite get you."

MANUFACTURER (Luton).—"A straw hat has many advantages." You soon get to know which way the wind blows.

T. B. H. (Newcastle).—"It will do my heart good to hear the clanging of hammers in the shipyards again." Your hearing appears to be in an unusual spot.

PLUCKY (Edmonton).—"I always like to have a 'go' at whatever comes my way." Take our advice, then, and avoid ring-side seats at "all-in" wrestling.

GENEROUS (Redditch).—"There is one fellow I know who never seems to have a penny in his pocket." You are fortunate to know only one.

L. W. T. (Stockwell).—"There is no doubt that I would have been robbed had not a billposter come to my aid and beat the thieves off with his brush." We trust he gave them a good pasting.

B. S. (Marshfield).—"As an advertisement, a tattooist recently placed the design of a fishing boat between his own shoulder-blades." He gave himself a smack on the back.

A. B. D. (Bexhill).—"The latest craze in America is to send friends the negative of a photograph of oneself." The gradual developing of the negative, of course, eliminates all danger of shock to the recipient.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

S. L. (Liverpool).—"A rich relation generally gets his own way." By will power.

F. M. (Watford).—"A doctor deserves respect." Yet people put their tongues out to him.

J. C. (Brixton).—"What the music halls need to-day is cleaner humour." Pure nonsense.

GEO. T. (Bloomsbury).—"I earn a little extra for the home by posing as an artist." A model husband.

B. N. (Romford).—"A well-known Soccer player recently acted as M.C. at a dance." He was naturally good at ball control.

T. M. (Midlands).—"The chairman of a local council has proposed the purchase of a portable wireless set." And no doubt it will be carried.

B. R. (Aberdeen).—"In Hollywood, women with high, shrill voices are employed to scream for the talkies." In this country they sing at concerts.

FASCINATED (Starcross).—"I could stand for hours watching a blacksmith shoe a horse." Possibly the horse would get tired, though, if he took as long as that.

NAN (Truro).—"My hubby should have been a juryman on our wedding-day, but the judge let him off." Then, why didn't you?

HUBBY (Dunfermline).—"I cured my wife of insomnia by opening her bedroom window at nights." Did she thank you for your course of sleeping draughts?

LEARNER (Musselburgh).—"Golf is undoubtedly the rich man's game." Some of the men we've seen playing have been very poor.

PERCY (Maidenhead).—"Although I had my new flannel trousers on, I did not shrink from diving into the water to save the boy." Did they?

T. M. B. (Hammersmith).—"I stood watching an angler for some time, until he got very rude to me." Did he tell you to sling your hook?

MRS. D. F. (Sheffield).—"The neighbours know immediately when a new baby arrives at our house." It was hard to hush it up, of course.

LOTHARIO (Liverpool).—"With this craze for cosmetics one never now sees a girl's face as nature made it." Cheer up; the mixed bathing season is upon us.

G. M. (Bristol).—"There are holiday cruises now to suit all purses." Yes—but there's nothing to touch our offer of a Family World Tour for a few words on page 39. And you get paid £1,000 cash and £5 a week for life for enjoying yourself!

EXPLORER (Harrow Weald).—"It is most annoying when you are near the Pole yet just can't reach it." Many have experienced the same annoyance in a punt.

ANNE (Newcastle).—"After taking a height-increasing course and putting on several inches, my fiancé became snobbish and conceited." He got a bit above himself.

OFFICE MANAGER (Manchester).—"A few years spent on an office stool is invaluable to the man who wishes to succeed." For one thing, it gives him a certain amount of polish he would not otherwise acquire.

MRS. S. (Leeds).—"I weigh 14 st. and if the slimming treatment does not reduce me I shall ask for the £1,000 guarantee the firm offer." Then you will have two fat figures.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Indigestion Sufferers Here is New Hope

How much longer are you going to neglect slight or serious symptoms of indigestion? We tell you and can prove that the truly wonderful new-principle remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion—will most surely help you to end your trouble.

Every day more and more letters tell us that in cases of Sour Acid Stomach, Palpitation, Flatulence, Heartburn, Burning Griping Pains, this quick-action remedy is wonderful.

Where everything has failed, this new remedy has ended awful pain and built, once again, sound digestion. Stop your pain and danger now. Go to your chemist and get a supply of

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

FOR INDIGESTION 1/6

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

Weak Kidneys

CAUSE UNTOLD AGONIES

Don't be a Too-old, Worn-out Man

Down-dragging weakness, constant dull pain in the back, bladder trouble, exhaustion, impure blood, uric acid pains, bad nights, feeling too-old, worn-out . . . something must be done quickly.

Weak kidneys are the real cause of these painful, crippling troubles. You want to get back manly vigour, the strength to enjoy your work and pleasures.

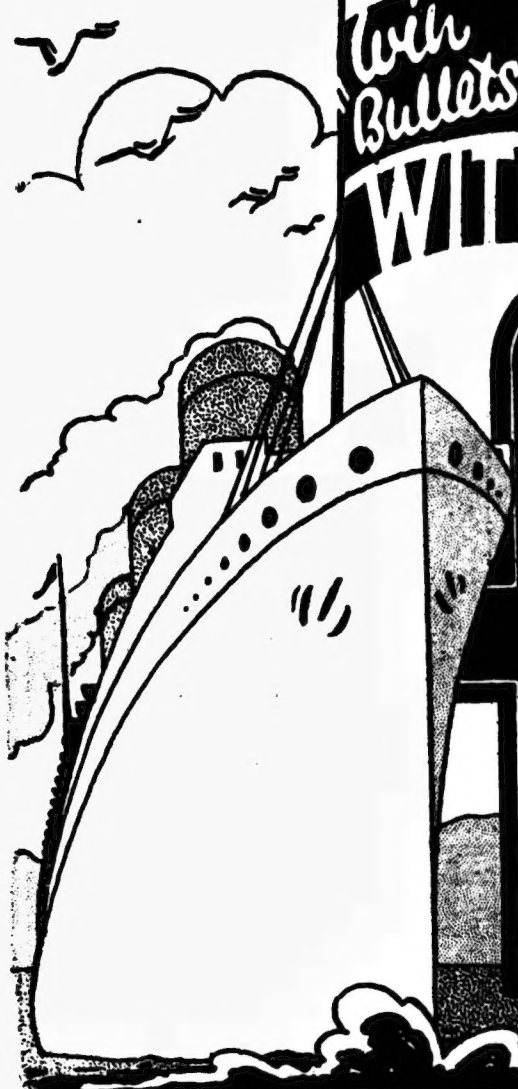
Well then, start with De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills now. This famous remedy makes you feel fine and vigorous. It conquers weak back, tired-out, too-old feeling.

In 24 hours you see their quick, blood-purifying action. Persevere, and your body pains, your weakness will end. No more exhausted feeling. Others will envy your new-found health and strength.

You surely want to be pain-free, healthy and happy—well, get the remedy tried and trusted for 50 years and remember the name—

DE WITTS BRAND Kidney and Bladder PILLS

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/-. Larger, more economical size, 5/-



"With Bullets"

FAMILY WORLD TOUR WITH LIFE PENSION AND FORTUNE!

£5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE PLUS £1,000 CASH

If winner is unable to take advantage of this mighty 3 in 1 prize, John Bull will pay instead the huge sum of **£3,000**

22 MORE FINE CASH — PLUS — TRAVEL AWARDS *on Page Opposite*

SEE 20 COUNTRIES of the WORLD

ON THE NEXT 29,650-MILE CRUISE OF

S.S. 'EMPRESS OF BRITAIN'

visiting France, Italy, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, India, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, Siam, Philippine Islands, China, Japan, Hawaii, San Francisco, Hollywood, Panama Canal, New York, and so back to Southampton.

Winner's prize of World Tour for Two is augmented by the privilege of being able to take on the voyage his two children under 10 or one of 10 or over.

A Thousand Thrills in "Bullets" Record Midsummer Offer!

TO-DAY is launched the greatest Midsummer Offer ever known—and each of its 23 great Cash-plus-Travel prizes is full of thrilling possibilities for you.

"Take your family round the world, accept a cheque for £1,000, and enjoy a Life pension of £5 weekly!"—that will be the staggering invitation which will be telegraphed on Friday, July 6, to the sender of the best *Bullet* in this memorable contest.

Yes, in return for a few well-chosen words, you can pocket a four-figure fortune, become the winner of a fine income for life, and leave with your family on the Great Adventure of a 29,650-mile World Cruise in the Wonder Liner, s.s. *Empress of Britain*!

The Second Prize-winner, enriched by a £250 cheque, will be invited to accept a Grand Tour of Europe for Two, visiting many famous cities of beauty and interest.

The Third Prize-winner, too, will receive with his £100 cheque something which will remain for ever—the happy recollection of a Luxury Coach Tour for Two through some of the finest old cities and country of England and Scotland.

Following these chief awards come *twenty* more splendid 2-in-1 prizes consisting of a cheque for £10, plus two free return tickets for rail travel from the winner's home to any holiday resort in the British Isles.

One of 1,000 sights awaiting "John Bull's" travellers

To complete this overwhelming offer there are 12,550 more prizes which also must be won. And each of the 12,000 smaller prizes is augmented by a great new £50 attraction.

What a prize-list! No summer of the past has ever brought its equal. And all other opportunities of to-day are dull and commonplace beside *Bullets* "Magic Carpet" Offer.

Guided by the instructions given on page 39, let one of the coupons provided there carry you off to distant lands of loveliness untold and bring you back to a new world of ease and independence!

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES — READ THEM CAREFULLY

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

COMPETITION NO. 938

FIRST PRIZE: £3 WEEKLY and £25 YEARLY HOLIDAY CHEQUE, or £1,500 CASH

Mr. J. T. GRIMSTONE, 52, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

Example: WE WANT PEACE, BUT
Bullet: "—AS WE FORGIVE—" FORGOTTEN.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. H. COWLISHAW, 30, Danetherpe Vale, Sherwood, Nottingham.
Example: Playing In The Street
Bullet: Violinist Parents "Scraped" For.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. BEAVER, 173, Osmaston Road, Derby.
Example: At The Wheel
Bullet: "Goddess" But Signals "Greek."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

C. ARNOLD, Orcheston, Shrewton, Wilts.
We Want Peace, But—We "March"—It "Walks."

A. BROADBENT, 66, Main Street, Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough.
Your M.P.—His "Kid" Nurses *You*.

V. GRANDFIELD, 21, Church Road, Lydney, Glos.
We Want Peace, But—Father's English—Lodger's Australian!

L.-Cpl. E. A. JONES, Blackdown Fire Station, Blackdown, Hants.
Favouritism—Sergeant Omitted Two Adjectives!

W. E. McKENZIE, 11, Merrick Gardens, Ibrox, Glasgow.
Robbing Britannia—Of "Safety Belt," Aircraft.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. OULSNAM, Brassington, Derby.
Man Of Her Dreams—Perfect—And Admits Faults!

C. POULTON, 25, Durham Road, Tottenham, N.
Robbing Britannia—"Raiders" *Filling* Shop Window.

B. E. SAVILLE, 17, Edward Road, Bridlington, Bristol.
The Brute—Sentenced—Wife Screamed "Brutes!"

M. J. SHACKLETON, 20, West Beach, Lytham.
Our Mower—"Disabled"—"Home On Leave."

E. A. SHANE, 10, The Park, Yeovil, Som.
Robbing Britannia—"Security" *Weakening* Childhood's "Defence."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

E. CHINERY, 3, Salthouse Street, Ipswich.
Had Enough—Of Bagpipes, Monster Apparently!

W. B. COURTNEY, 12, Norbury Court Road, Norbury, S.W.
At The Wheel—Second's Sleepiness—Month Bedridden.

R. G. EVANS, 30, Priory Close, Sudbury, Wembley.
At The Wheel—"Grasp" The Responsibility, Too!

A. M. GALBRAITH Regent Street, Dalmuir, Glasgow.
Show's He's A Sport—Picks "Wallflower" From "Bunch."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. E. HAWES Swanton Novers, Norwich.
Shows He's A Sport—Wins Cups—Washes Dishes.

S. P. HOOLEY, 92, Cleveland Road, Ealing, W.
Man Of Her Dreams—Cave-man—Choice. Dreamy Cove.

L. JONES, 26, Gladstone Road, Chesham, Bucks.
Our Mower—Safe—Borrowed Neighbour's *Padlock!*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. G. LINCE, 1, Rivelin Road, Scunthorpe
Favouritism—"Placing" Many Though "Untrained"

C. J. SEWARD 24, Ashdell Road, Sheffield.
We Want Peace, But—It's Slipping "Through Fists."

W. F. TAYLOR, 225, Bevington Road, Aston, Birmingham.
Shows He's A Sport—"Dropped"—Cheered Substitute's Catch.

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."
ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 937 will be displayed in the window of Mr. E. Jeffery, Hawksworth Road, Hersforth, Leeds.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 942 usually purchase "John Bull."

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 2

22 OTHER GREAT CASH plus RAVEN PRIZES

Unique Second Prize £250 AND TOUR OF EUROPE FOR TWO visiting Amsterdam, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Nuremberg, Munich, Oberammergau (for Passion Play), Lucerne, Interlaken, Montreux and Paris—or one lump sum of £350.

Third Big Prize £100 And luxurious Coach Tour for Two of England & Scotland visiting Stratford-on-Avon, Shrewsbury, Chester, Southport, English Lakes, Loch Lomond, Oban, Edinburgh, Wensley Dale, Harrogate, Cambridge—or one lump sum of £150.

20 FINE HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10 accompanied by TWO RETURN RAIL TICKETS from winner's home to any holiday resort or other town in British Isles.

12,550 Other Awards
56 Week-end Prizes of 30/- each—500 Prizes of 2/6—2,000 Red Seal "Targets"—10,000 "Target" Prizes.

£50 ATTRACTION added to each "Red Seal" and "Target" Prize.

THIS [illegible] SATURDAY

HOW TO WIN THIS HUGE PRIZE

OPEN your attack on *Bullets* Record Midsummer prize-list by reading slowly through the *Examples* provided, jotting down the rough ideas which they suggest and so gathering the raw material for your efforts.

Now for the cutting and polishing process. Take each of your rough notes in turn and compress its meaning into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment closely linked to the chosen *Example*.

Thus, against the *Example* TONIC FOR THE NATION, you might jot down the rough idea *More Ships Being Built*. Developing this idea and improving its phrasing, you could easily turn out the finished *Bullet*, TONIC FOR THE NATION—SHIPYARD ORDERING ANOTHER BOTTLE.

You see the idea? An ordinary, everyday thought, a neat touch of phrasing to keep it clear of other entrants' efforts—and you can make a *Bullet* which may win you one of the 23 huge new Cash-plus-Holiday prizes which must be won in this sensational Contest.

To help you further, study the winning efforts in competition No. 938 which appear on the opposite page.

Then out with your pencil and paper and begin putting together those words which may win you the First Prize of your dreams! Enter your efforts by Saturday, June 23, and JOHN BULL's telegram on Friday, July 6, may bring you the biggest thrill of your life.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

TONIC FOR THE NATION
FORGING AHEAD
BRITAIN'S PRIDE
HUMANITY
SKIPPER RAMSAY
FAITHFUL SERVANT
SEEING THE WORLD
GREAT ADVENTURE
PEN v. SWORD
WORTH THE STRUGGLE
STICK TO IT AND
TERROR OF TO-MORROW
ALL GONE
TRAGIC END
YOUTH'S WAY
INTO THE UNKNOWN
ON HOLIDAY
DREAM OF DELIGHT
BAD FOR BUSINESS
SLAVE TO DUTY
LIFE'S A BATTLE, BUT
PEACE
ON THE WAY
DAWN BROKE AND
WIFIE'S BOMBSHELL
BLOW FOR THE BOSS
PUBLIC ENEMY
HUMBUG
BAND OF BROTHERS
HAPPY DAY
TRIUMPH OF MAN
NEARLY FINISHED
FRUITS OF FOLLY
HER HUSBAND
NOBODY
WHAT HE'S IN FOR
TICKLED SANDY
INDUSTRY'S TIDE
BIG PROBLEM
HEATED ARGUMENT
SHAMEFUL
SPOILT EVERYTHING
CAN ANYONE TELL ME
WHEN HE STARTED
WE MUST
HEARD TOO OFTEN
LONG, LONG TRAIL
FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

If the coupons on this page are insufficient for your requirements, you may submit further "Bullets" on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 942, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp)

USE THESE COUPONS FOR THIS RECORD OFFER!

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed | Address

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed | Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed | Address

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed | Address

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed | Address

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(942) Closing SAT., June 23 | P.O. No. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s. | Signed | Address

Are You Losing YOUR HAIR?

FREE "Harlene Hair-Drill" Offer!

Is it Dull, Thin, Weak, Lifeless, Falling Out?

Be Admired for your Beautiful Hair. Start using "Harlene" TO-DAY!

Free "HARLENE" Gifts To Restore Hair Health

Do you find loose hairs clinging to your brush? The hair roots need "HARLENE"

HAIR poverty is to-day threatening thousands of women—yes, and men, too. Their hair is daily falling out. They look in their mirrors and see their hair is getting Dull, Skimpy-looking, Untidy and Rough!

Have *YOU* noticed this? If so, do not delay an instant—or one morning you may awake to the unwelcome realisation that you are GOING BALD!!

You MUST start to revive your hair health with "HARLENE" immediately. Begin to re-beautify and re-strengthen it FREE by sending the Coupon AT ONCE for special Test Samples of any 3 of the following "Harlene" Preparations.

Does your hair come out on your comb?—Stop this with "HARLENE"

(1) "HARLENE" HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, Brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

Baldness, thinning at the temples, etc., make you look old and careworn. Massage "Harlene" into your scalp. The difference will amaze you.

(2) 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. All chemists, 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

(3) 'UZON' Brilliantine

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. All chemists. In Liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

(4) 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion

A veritable "economy" boon to ladies. Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them deep and entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Hair Waving Bills. 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

(5) 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has lost its tone. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

(6) 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured and Faded Hair—even if of many years standing. A real colour-*restorative*. Why look old? Use Astol and look years younger. 1/9, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

Whatever is wrong with your hair there is a "Harlene" Preparation to combat it. Why suffer Hair Poverty and Hair Loss—why allow your looks to be ruined? Send for your 3 Free Samples TO-DAY!

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct on receipt of price. Post Free within the British Isles.

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing a set of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom.

State which numbers are required. Attach coupon to sheet bearing your name and address.

EDWARDS HARLENE, Ltd. (H918), 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp. T.C.B.

107 B60

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A79